

HILTON HALL

OR

A THORN IN THE FLESH



Louise Dubois

To Mr^{and} Mrs W H Croxon
From

Mrs M. C. Chardloia

509 Mt Hope Ave.

Rochester,

N. Y.



HILTON HALL

OR

A THORN IN THE FLESH.

A NOVEL

BY

LOUISE DUBOIS.

"Love is indestructible :
Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth."

GEO. Q. CANNON & SONS CO., PRINTERS,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1898.

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To * * *

MRS. JOHN TOMPKINS

* * *

Whose friendship through years of storm and sorrow
never wavered, this book is affectionately dedicated by the
author.

PREFACE.

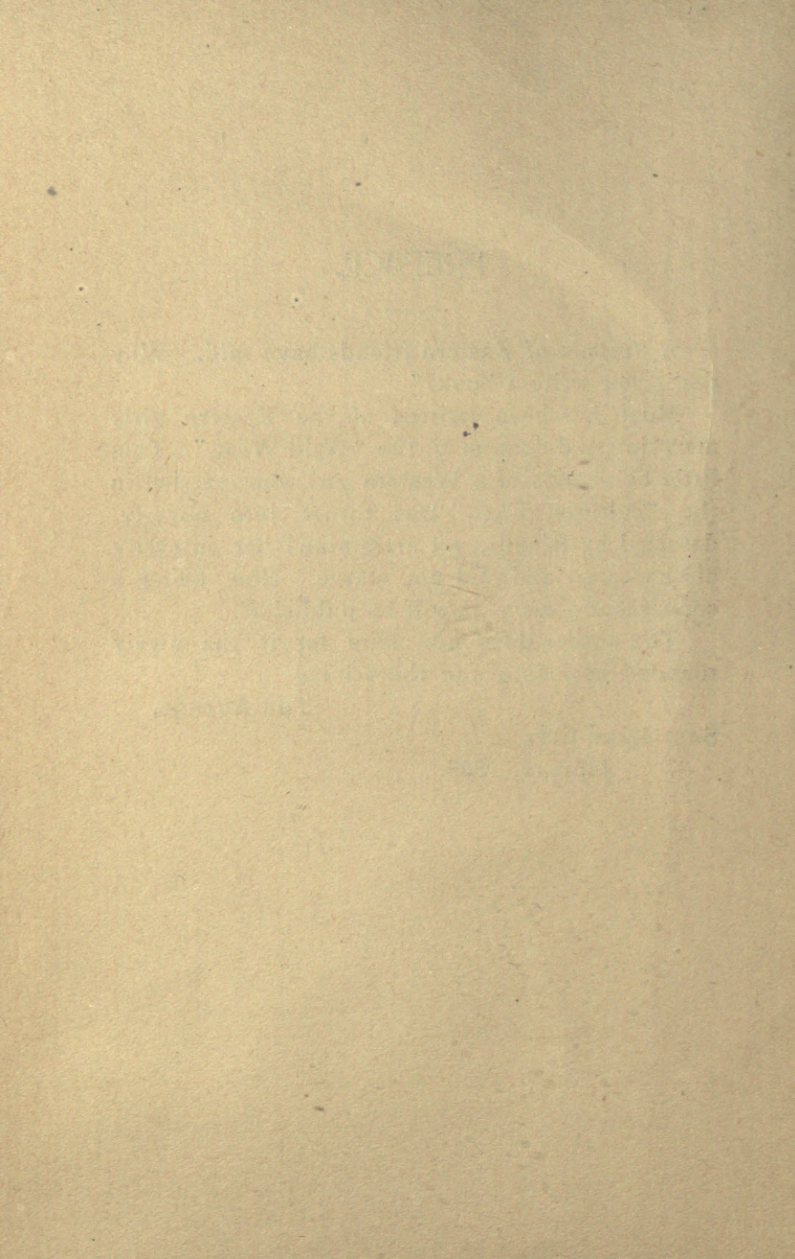
A NUMBER of Eastern friends have said, "Why don't you write a book?"

Much has been written of the Eastern girls marrying and coming to the "Wild West." This little book tells of a Western girl who married in the "cultured East," was thrust into poverty, deserted by friends, yet maintained her integrity of character, and did not starve. Now being a convenient season, it will be published.

The author does not claim for it the nicely rounded periods of the rhetorician.

THE AUTHOR.

SALT LAKE CITY,
January, 1898.



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HILTON HALL

• OR •

A THORN IN THE FLESH.

CHAPTER I.

"Betray the trust of Another, and Beware Everafter,
Lest your own be Betrayed."

A BEAUTIFUL sunny afternoon in May, such a repose in nature, as Aunt Presendia, used to call "Enchanted slumber in the chambers of the Lord."

In this far away Western city, one forgot the humble cottages, in looking at the sublime scenery of which Omnipotence has been most lavish. A lovely valley, encircled like an amphitheatre, by the mountains. On the east the Wasatch range, snow capped and green at the base, on the north, Ensign the sugar loaf, which was the delight of the children, risking the mountain lion, and many dangers encountered on the road that leads to this noted eminence. As

upon reaching the top, they had fine views of the islands in the beautiful inland Sea, to the south the Oquirrh range, to the north, settlements are plainly to be seen. Poor youngsters, what tranquil, innocent, joyous days which had so little in them, yet so much of bright days. Where the birds sang in the old oak trees, and the rushing torrents made music for them. Wherever they roamed the people bade them welcome. Then as the sun went down, the sky took on the hues of rose, amber and gold; the mountain snows pierced the limitless horizon, while on the breeze came the perfume of the wild rose.

Salt Lake City which is laid off in ten acre squares, each house surrounded by garden and orchard, the latter in blossom, nothing can rival the cleanliness of this city. Through the principal street runs a large stream of water, from which are turned many bubbling brooks that the waters may refresh and fertilize the earth, and ensure the people their harvest.

Sitting where the sun's rays came soft, warm and rose-hued upon the porch of the one hotel in the city, were two men; a striking contrast between the pair. One, men called handsome, a splendid, generous fellow, a haughty independent manner, tall, fair skinned, chestnut brown hair streaked with gray half curling over a bald spot on top of his head, blue eyes of a dreamy mesmeric influence, rather a pleasing spirited con-

tour of feature, he seemed a universal favorite; but a keen observer would notice that while the eyes at times would light up the face with soul light, he oftener had a sinister expression, and did not look you square in the face; while to his friends he was courteous, genial, conscious of self power; to strangers he was haughty and repellent and there was a wicked ring to his laugh, such a man as children shrink from. The other a fair haired, blue eyed, commonplace fellow whom fortune had not smiled upon, neither good looking nor *air distingue*, habitually his lip disfigured by a curve of scorn he could but half conceal; he had a fawning, familiar manner with wealthy people that would make him a study for a life-time.

Walking leisurely along the street, was a young school girl, books under her arm, her musings apparently of an agreeable nature, for she seemed amused with the many pleasant things around her. She saw nothing of the men whose conversation after a long pause was broken by Donnallen Hilton exclaiming, "By Jove, Jim, do you see that girl? The one in the blue dress? I'd give many a thousand to make her acquaintance. Gad! but she is fresh as a rose, and ha! ha! one doesn't need the second glance to know she is unsophisticated. Says her prayers I'll wager, believes in the human family; look how

she enjoys life. How shall I know her, for by the eternal gods I'll have her!"

"Why, name your sum, if it suits I'll introduce you. She is the daughter of Dick Doty, and granddaughter of the old Judge who lives in the big house yonder. I once met Dick when the girl was three months old; it will be easy to renew the acquaintance. I have respectable friends, eh!"

"Bring it about Jim and the day she is married to me, I will give you \$30,000."

"Married she must be, for the old Judge's slightest word and glance possesses a power that makes me tremble just to think of it; and it were not well to rouse the tiger in Dick. By heaven he would fight for his cub." We leave them conversing in low tones, earnest but inaudible to those near, while we follow the girl to her home near the north hill.

CHAPTER II.

The Cottage.

"A cottager, I marked a throne,
Of half the world as all my own,"

Helen, tall, not handsome, but interesting, eyes blue gray, hair, chestnut brown, of that characteristic shade that looks red in the sun, nose *retroussé*; her rich complexion in spite of healthy outdoor life, was innocent of sunburn or freckles; between rosy lips, rows of even teeth the girls called pure pearls; her blue dress of debraze of the fashionable shade; she wore a broad brimmed hat, and on her finger a large blood ruby ring. She walked straight to her home at the foot of the hill. An eight-roomed cottage surrounded on two sides by cottonwood and locust trees, on the other by a fruit orchard. A few feet from the front door ran a large stream of water, its banks lined by wild rose bushes.

Chattering by the water a group of children, inside the old fashioned house sits a beautiful, graceful woman, looking too young to be the mother of the six; one of those persons we often meet whose character we can read at a glance.

She calls impatiently to the young girl to

hush the gay shouts of the lively children, as it grated on her nerves. Looking up from her book, tells Helen to set the table, dust the parlor, practice her music, then dress for the evening, as guests are expected. Friends whom they once met had sent word they would spend the evening, if agreeable, as the brother of the family, Jim Le Grand, was on a visit from Australia and desired to see some of their old acquaintances.

Eight o'clock ushered in Jim Le Grand and his sister Agatha Hoag, a tall, lank, pale faced, white haired, pale blue eyed woman, gentle lady-like manners, quite well educated, a leader in all benevolent societies, Relief, Women's rights, Society for Instruction of the Deformed, preacher and teacher at prayer meeting, deeply interested in seeing that a large majority of people were made immensely wretched. She made dinners for the afflicted and pointed to each their mercies and cause for thankfulness, to the blind, how much more wretched they would be, if in addition they carried a broken back. During morning hours, she taught penmanship and trigonometry.

Being introduced to the members of the family and given a welcome, they asked Miss Helen for music. Le Grand said she played admirably, Madam Hoag, that her voice was full and sweet, she sang with taste and expression, she was amazed at her musical education, she must consider herself worthy the praise when it

was almost impossible to obtain music and instruction. Assuming an air of frankness, she drew near the fire, for though it was spring, the weather was cold in the evenings and the cheerful blaze a comfort; and with fair smile and deceptive wiles drew Madam Doty out upon her home affairs, her interesting brood; she hoped she would not think she felt superior to her in any way; she knew her when she married so young, it would give her pleasure to advise, and consider her a protege. Then getting the affair en train, she mentioned from pure disinterestedness of heart the budding charms of Helen; she was beautiful and with her accomplishments might marry anyone she chose. While she might have the disposition fitting her to make a gentle, loving wife, she would advise careful watching; not allowing independent thought or action, she was oldest of six, four of them girls and love must not be allowed to interfere with a brilliant matrimonial alliance; upon her would rest the fate of the others. Should she make a misalliance, the others would follow; it would be well, now she was approaching womanhood to surround herself with agreeable people, for Helen was a girl who would draw a circle of friends around her, to so maneuver as not to have her make the acquaintance of young men. A man whose habits were formed, whose executive ability was well established would be the match, always providing he

had a handsome bank account. She must think how those white fingers accustomed to play the piano, and do fine needlework, would look, playing upon a washing board, and carrying dirty, ragged children; then remain firm in her determination to marry her well.

Supper being called, this matrimonial tête-à-tête ended; but this verdant, beautiful woman was fascinated, and in her the conversation was calculated to awaken very serious reflections.

When the company were seated around the table talking and eating, Madam Hoag said, "The supper is splendid, an unexpected pleasure. We remarked at our tea, If Mr. Doty had not changed, we would have supper, as he always ended a pleasant evening, with delicious refreshments."

After mutual exchanges of civility and wishing to continue the acquaintance after so many years, with gentleness saying, they must not anticipate the splendor with which she was wont to entertain. Laying claim to their everlasting gratitude, with subtle design she cast over that home a pall that was to shadow the future lives of those children.

CHAPTER III.

The Blacksmith's House.
~~Hilton Hall.~~

"The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that click'd behind the door."

A charming, delightful spot on the banks of the Winnipisoegee river, is the little hamlet of the Bridge. On the crest of the hill, near the outskirts of the hamlet, stands the three roomed cottage of the blacksmith. His family, a wife, two sons and a daughter, Edward, Donnallen and Mary Hilton. The house contained a sitting-room, furnished with chairs, centre table, small mirror, fireplace adorned with ferns and cattails upon mantle, two brass candlesticks and snuffers, sanded floor.

Bedroom, a rag carpet, tiny foot rest, chairs and bureau.

Kitchen, a shed at the back, whitewashed and sanded floor, kept spotlessly clean by Donnallen, the youngest boy. Above the front rooms, an unfinished garret, furnished with a bed in one corner for the boys, opposite a bed for Mary, the third contained the bed used for an occasional guest, while the fourth was the stairs, which were of rude board with the banister being formed by a

smooth piece of timber laid across, so one would not walk off as they came near the stair.

Their meals were substantial of such fruit and vegetables as grew on the premises. Dinner of fish or fowl, with vegetables and fruit, the supper always for father, of baked potatoes and butter-milk, sometimes the boys were allowed a potato, though usually their meal was of milk. Their little farm was well tilled, that with the sugar bush, added to the income of the blacksmith.

The outdoor premises were equally clean, Donnallen milked the cows, curried the horse, scoured the copper boilers, sanded the floors, helped on the farm and assisted mother indoors. They lived frugally, as the mother wished to keep up the old custom of saving something to start the children in life. So Donnallen was a happy barefoot boy, each day of his life much the same as the last, his most intimate friend Bill Adams. The villagers called them, "the two meanest rascals that ever lived, born to hang, they led all the mischief, were always successful in escaping detection."

One day the Judge of the village, purchased a phaeton, showed it with pride to his friends, next morning he found it in the pond, full to the top with mud. He well knew where the blame lay, "But not proven," was the verdict.

Donnallen was frivolous and indomitable, a defect ascribed to his father's indulgence, as he

was industrious. He never studied. Bill was the scholar, working for him all his examples, and whispering to him his grammar, only at the last day of school would his idleness be known. When the master would say "Donnallen, you lazy rascal, you need not speak your usual piece. You may listen."

"What shall I do, Bill?"

"Never mind, look intelligent, laugh and weep with the company, they will never guess."

So it was said, what a handsome boy, how intelligent, with what zest he entered into all that was done. Wonder why he did not take part. Perhaps his greater genius, would o'er shadow the rest, so he was a favorite. One day quite an event occurred. He went with his father to New York City, returned via Canal to Niagara.

On returning home he became the hero of the village astonishing the boys and girls with the wonders he had seen. He grew to manhood, strong and healthy, tenacious of his own and Bill's opinion. Attached to his home and play-mates, especially the girls he considered "*Que son incomparables por su vizeza y su atractivo.*" He thought it no trouble to do a service for those he loved, but nothing would induce him to be kind or considerate to those outside his circle, did not respect old age or weakness, he maintained an intense hatred to one who offended

him, would never rest until he had retaliated in some form.

So time passed, when one gorgeous September day, old man Hilton said, "Donnallen, my son, today you are twenty-one, your mother and I have saved one thousand dollars, take it, go out into the world and get rich; and when you have gained riches, seem generous, the world will do the rest. Rich and generous make a man. You must spend a little freely at first, until you gain a reputation, then it won't matter. God bless you, my boy, and never let me hear, that having undertaken anything, you faltered."

So with his young friends wishing him Bon voyage, he started on his journey.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DINNER.

Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast.

Shakes.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away,—no strife to heal,—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure.

Wordsworth.

Punctual to his promise, on the seventh, Le Grand sent pretty Kate Ivins to the cottage, with invitation for Mr. and Mrs. Doty and Helen,

especially Miss Helen, to dine at his sister's Mrs. Hoag's, on the eleventh, as they wished to introduce a wealthy bachelor friend from New York City, to some of the ladies of Utah. Kate had entered with zest into all the arrangements of the dinner, saying, "It was set for the eleventh, so we girls could come, being free from school." Said she, "In manner and dress we must be as attractive as possible, as this man was accustomed to the gay, and brilliant society of New York City, and expected nothing sparkling in wit, nor graceful in manner, from those living isolated as we were, a thousand miles from civilization."

She was a coquette and proposed that we should simply dazzle him.

Friday came, Le Grand and Madam Hoag had done all in their power to make their entertainment brilliant and recherché. The rooms were gracefully decorated with flowers, and only such as were most social, agreeable, refined and rich, had been selected to throw their charming influence around their home.

Among the gentlemen was Judge Moss, always ready for amusement, brilliant in conversation, famous for his nicely rounded periods, a welcomed guest in the most select circles. His wife, beautiful and accomplished, with all the characteristics of the high bred woman, was no dim light, beside her gay and handsome hus-

band. Judge Ivins, usually grave and earnest, when with the young people, dropped his ordinary manner, and revealed a joyous, impulsive soul, when the gems of his mind flashed to the surface, his beautiful wife, a universal favorite, each were born in a splendid home, of the kindest parents—surrounded by every luxury and refinement; between them was perfect communion and sympathy; they entered heart and soul into all the joys of their daughter and her friends.

I will mention only a few of the friends that thronged the reception-room of Madam Hoag. Queenly Madam Taylor, the distinguished Rachel Gray, Mittie Ivins, full of vivacity and of prepossessing appearance.

Subdued Clair Brown, with bright blue eyes, golden hair, pink and white complexion; whose every desire was to live, breathe and move as mamma said, whose smile was never permitted to broaden into a laugh, was admired for her gentle, modest reserve, dressed extremely plain. Mamma always said, "Beauty unadorned was adorned the most."

The gay sparkling Kate Ivins, who had donned mamma's best brocade, a costly dress, that had been worn in the most elegant drawing-rooms of New York City; her neck and arms adorned with jewels, a rose in her hair, she looked really fascinating, and remarked, "The

bachelor would never think of the retirement in which her days had passed."

The attractive Helen, as she was called, in a costume of blue silk, hair braided in plaits, looked at least, not like the rest.

Then came the hero of the party, Donnallen Hilton. Madam Hoag approached him, both hands extended giving a gracious welcome, "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to make you acquainted with Mr. Hilton, of New York City.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Kate, *sotto voce*, "he has not done us the honor to dress, but come in his travel stained clothes. I saw him when he left the stage-coach upon his arrival, and vow, those are the very same clothes, with all his millions, I don't think it respectful."

"What do you think of him, Helen?"

"I am not prepossessed, he has neglected his dress, is not even clean, looks like an old miser, yet he gazes upon the assembled company, as if under the conviction that he is *irresistible*. Although so untidy in dress, we will suffer, if he imagines our toilets not pretty and becoming."

This conversation was interrupted by Le Grand, saying, "Helen, allow me to introduce Donnallen." He caught her hand in a vise-like grasp and murmured, "My Helen." Helen bowed, they passed on.

Donnallen said in low tones, "Jim, she don't

like me, the way she snatched her hand from mine, was as if it was a hot skillet."

Kate said, "Mittie and Clair, don't turn green with envy, but it was polite to say the least, not even to glance at us."

"Helen, of what are you thinking?"

"Of Oliver, a boy much older than I, who, when I was a tiny girl, used to tell me of the dangers near our home. One day he said, 'Babe, in those wild-rose bushes, is a sparkling, beautiful snake, of blue color, runs swift as lightning, we boys have watched it; everything it stings dies, so should you see one, run; if it is coming toward you, run to the right, or left, for it must turn, and stops still; thereby losing time, so you may save yourself.' I saw one coming for me, but escaped. When that man took my hand I felt that same horror and heard Oliver's voice saying, 'Run for your life, Babe, the sting of the snake is death.'"

"Well, well, well!" Sang the girls in chorus. "Who ever heard of anything so funny!" This conversation was interrupted by Madam Hoag, calling upon the young people for music; she was a musical enthusiast and imagined others as fond of it as she was; requesting Kate and Helen to sing a duet. Turning to Mr. Hilton, she quoted Moore:

" 'They tell me thou'rt the favored guest
Of every fair and brilliant throng;

No wit like thine to wake the jest;
No voice like thine to breathe the song.' "

To which he responded, he did not sing, but was fond of music. Alas! Madam Hoag had married a wealthy merchant, had met with reverses. She possessed romantic dreams of her young days, and was building castles of a courtship and grand marriage for Helen; herself the chaperone of the young bride, the welcome guest, when she should go to her splendid mansion in New York City.

The music was interrupted by a summons to dinner. Helen found herself the only young member of the party at the table, and she was seated exactly opposite to Mr. Hilton; and, although all the market afforded was served in dainty fashion, nothing seemed to tempt him to eat. He had no doubt dined. The soup he just held to his nostrils, the roasts and broils were delicious, he ate none, but beat a tattoo with his fork, while he chatted.

After dinner the girls enquired, "Helen, how did he behave, how did he eat, did he enjoy the dinner?"

"His manners were not those of a prince, he evidently, at home, dines upon nightingales wings and dainty nothings, for he ate absolutely nothing."

"Very well, then we shall not starve!"

While the young people remained in the

dining-room, Mr. Hilton remarked to those in the parlor, "Miss Helen is a charming girl, and when she is old enough to marry, I shall come for her, she is the only being I ever saw, whom I thought I would marry." Later the elderly people left; the young people, Judge Ivins and wife and Mr. Hilton remained for the evening. Fruit and wine were served, Mr. Hilton toasting "Lovely fifteen," Judge Ivins, "The ladies of fifty." Mr. Hilton assuming a superior air, told them of his home in New York City. "I dare say you think this little city, good enough for anyone to live in," to Helen. "Are you of the Mormon faith? Are girls ever permitted to marry out of the Church?"

She informed him, "Although nominally one of them, being born among them, she had never been converted, those in the church could marry, by asking the consent of Brigham Young, thereby showing their good faith."

He replied, "That would be worse than asking the girl," which he imagined would require courage. He informed Helen "her mother was a very beautiful woman—and judged she resembled her father, being fairer complexioned than her mother." (Her father was unable to attend). He asked her, "If she believed matches were made in Heaven? He did, for love was instantaneous, and first love strongest and best," with an expression on his face, supposed to be killing.

At this Judge Ivins came to Helen, saying, "My dear child, I will see my wife home, then return and escort you home, so remember you are engaged."

Walking home he said, "Helen, I don't like that fellow. He has announced his intentions, and speaks as if he owned you. You are too young for such things, beside he is not good enough for you."

"Why papa, Helen will imagine you are jealous, that he has paid her more attention than he has me," laughed Mittie.

"Oh, no! I do not like him, he is repulsive, and beside his untidy dress, he impresses me, as being extremely rude; good manners is one's duty. And he being the honored guest among so many, with his vast wealth, his costume was unpardonable. You know how immaculate grand-papa is. No one, ever saw him with soiled linen or necktie, no matter what his work. So that made me observe his carelessly adjusted garments more closely—in fact, most of the men of my acquaintance are faultlessly neat in dress—so he suffered by comparison. I am perfectly heart-whole, and in no danger from that source."

So with mutual expressions of civility, they bade each other good-night.

CHAPTER V.

THE DUEL.

"Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping,
Some gay color'd bark moving gracefully by;
No damp on the deck but the even-tide's weeping,
No breath in her sails but the summer-winds sigh."

Moore.

After bidding adieu to his friends, Donnallen spent several weeks with Edward, in New York City—then set sail for the West Indies.

On a beautiful tropical evening—the ocean almost glassy, we find him on deck, seated under an awning, watching the sun set in mid ocean, feeling lonely and strange, thinking of home and mother. The one redeeming trait in this man, was love for his mother, whose one fault must have been over fondness for her boy. But he considered his fate an enviable one. One thousand dollars and the wide, wide world to seek through, his dreams were rose-hued and his determination was, at whatever cost, to make them real. On this voyage, he became intimate with one Sidney Gray, a notorious gambler and sport. He was born of a noble family, educated in Europe, was tall, well built, easy and graceful, a fair-haired, blue eyed, handsome fellow, but a

keen observer would never trust him. There was at times an evil light in his eyes, a sarcastic, cruel expression about the mouth that would make one shrink from him; but this was only flashed out at unguarded moments. Usually he was a very prince in manners, and in conversation refined and cultivated.

The tones of his voice were music, he talked much of his travels, he had been around the world, a rare occurrence those days, and he described what he had seen in a manner that brought one near the objects. He fancied Donnallen, they were congenial spirits, and he instructed him in the art of gambling, and the trick of always winning. They swore eternal friendship, and to share either prosperity or adversity. They arranged to stop at Jamaica, West Indies, a most beautiful place. It has a coast line of 500 miles with excellent harbors. The lofty Blue Mountains extend through the whole Island, in some of its summits, to an elevation of 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. On the north side of the mountains the land rises from the shore into hills remarkable for beauty, being gentle slopes, and separated from each other by expansive vales—every valley its rivulet—and every hill its cascade.

Arriving on the Island, there had been a shower, and hedges, trees and flowers, sparkled like millions of diamonds. Sidney quoted:

"There is a fairy land where they laugh at woe,
And little they reck of care."

While Donnallen said it was beautiful as home.

Arriving at their hotel—they refreshed themselves with bath and change of attire. Then repaired to the parlor, to await the summons to dinner.

Sitting there, was one Harry Clifford, a handsome, brave, whole-souled young man from Boston, Massachusetts. He had left home years before and sought his fortune in South America, was sojourning on the island for a rest, ere he sailed for home.

Although strangers, he met Donnallen, with open arms, heart and purse. A warm friendship sprang up at once, at least on Harry's part.

He was introduced to Sidney, and accompanied them to the dining-room, where he told them, while waiting to be served, of his departure from home, his struggles and misfortunes and final success. How he was returning home, richer by far than in his wildest dreams he ever hoped to be.

Sidney took the boys to do the Island, Harry generously paying the expenses. He taught them how to whisper sweet nothings in the ear of the bright-eyed Spanish beauties. He initiated them into many ideas quite new to them, and

was remonstrated with by Harry, who expressed himself shocked at their free and easy way of doing many things. During his absence from home, he had been too poor to do aught but work. At home his conduct was characterized by deep respect for the girls, and his memory of them had become almost reverence; hence he was a cavalier to all ladies, whether of high or humble circumstances.

One evening, the air soft and mild, while in yon blue vault, the silver moon, over mountain and vale, threw a spell of beauty. The three men proposed spending the evening at such places of amusement as the town afforded.

While walking along, Donnallen, began to consider what business, if any, he should engage in.

Sidney, laughingly advised him to drift awhile, no hurry.

From the moment Sidney Gray, ascertained Clifford had made his fortune in South America, and was going to surprise his friends, he made up his mind what he would do, but decided to bide his time, knowing if he gained an influence over Donnallen, he must not let him become aware of it. Clifford was becoming impatient to start for home. Sidney Gray, realized whatever was to be, must be done with dispatch. He of late often noticed looks of discontent upon Donnallen's face, and judged he was weary of idleness and wished to look about for a chance to

improve his fortune. When the two were alone, after gazing at him for sometime, with sinister expression, he with low musical intonations of voice, proposed a conspiracy expatiating upon the chance of an expose. After listening to the proposition, Donnallen, at first unwilling, began to think it not such an unusual thing, beside he had already learned, the greatest power was money. Beside they two, were the only ones, who knew of the jewels and money in Harry's possession. For at that time a man's trunk or pockets were his safe deposit, and he trusted to no one knowing, to reach home in safety with his wealth.

Donnallen ended by agreeing. Everything conspired to bring it about. This seemingly accidental quarrel. They spent the evening at the theatre, then at supper. Sidney and Harry began discussing the laws of their country, Harry becoming heated with wine and the argument struck Sidney in the face. Mr. Hilton interfered, and the parties separated for the night. Next morning Sidney demanded honorable satisfaction, he had been insulted and would accept no apology. The place specified in the challenge was on the south side of the Blue Mountains, on one of the abrupt precipices, near the shore. Hilton was to be his second. Pistols the weapons, for Sidney, was a dead shot, could snuff a candle at twenty paces. On the other hand Harry was not

as quick or clear shot; he frequently trembled, and his gun was erring.

Upon reading the challenge, their victim looked distressed, tried in vain to imagine how it all came about. He had only the friendliest feelings toward each, how could he have reached such an excited state as to strike him. He felt surprised and pained, but looked about for a surgeon, and some one to act as friend.

Riding horse-back to the place of meeting, they all shook hands, the usual formula was gone through, the seconds chose the ground, stepped off the twenty paces, giving them the pistols, he counts, "One! two! three!" he commands "fire." two shots are heard—then the stillness was broken by Sidney, saying—as he stood gazing at his opponent, "Donnallen, my friend, I don't believe he is dead. I have shot him one inch below the heart."

"By Heaven! Let us hurry away. It makes me sick," replied Donnallen, "he has his second and the surgeon; let us away ere it be too late. He will die fast enough, we must hurry, it is serious, might mean an arrest, would at least lead to a serious scandal. They could not hang us here, duelling is fashionable, but should it get abroad, this poor fellow has friends, who might clear up the mystery and our names forever rest beneath a cloud."

"It certainly would not be pleasant, to have

sentimental people accuse us of murder," said Sidney, with his blandest smile. "But absurd! It was only natural after the insult, we should have challenged him, the true history of it will never be known—unless we tell it."

Donnallen colored, saying, "It is my fault, I know, but I can never forget the circumstances of this morning, never."

Harry died from his wounds and they buried him on the south side of the Blue Mountains on a bold cliff near the shore, where the ocean sighs a requiem forever. They divided the money and jewels between them, and decided to leave this genial clime and try to tranquilize their troubled minds by finding new friends and pleasures. So they hurried away to Havana, Cuba, where they engaged in the liquor and cigar traffic. Did they prosper? Yes, only in novels do the wicked people reap the fruit of evil doing. Most wicked men flourish. "Until the last great day, when no secrets are hid." And they coined money.

With Donnallen, for a time the duel was like a cankerworm, blighting and destroying his peace; but not for long, as his heart was very elastic and he was by constitution constant to nothing long. Knowing this, Sidney decided he should never turn Judas to him, so he was careful to cater to his taste, and seemingly to indulge him, while in reality, he made a tool of him.

What became of the diamonds falling to Sidney's share, your "scribe" never knew, but we will follow those falling to Donnallen Hilton. There is a pretty story, that diamonds are talismanic, and when you are wearing them, and an enemy approaches, they become very dull. 'Tis not true. The diamonds sparkled as cold and brilliant on the neck, arms and fingers, of the various people who wore them, as if worn by Harry's sister or destined bride, or as do the moon and star jewels, on the blue of the evening sky, twinkle and scintillate over the grave of Harry Clifford, on the island of Jamaica.

Donnallen now leaves Sidney Gray to look after their interests in Cuba. While he sails for beautiful, beautiful California.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER DINNER CALLS.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!

Bright and yellow, hard and cold.

Wood.

The following Saturday, Helen being free from school, in company with her mother, paid their party call. Madam Hoag, met them with the softest words and her blindest smile. Said she had been impatient for their call, as she had a letter from her guest, who left for New

York City the next day after the dinner, *en route* had written her a line to express his pleasure for the kindness she had shown him; also to send a message to Miss Helen—turning to whom she said, "I suppose we shall soon be losing you. Mr. Hilton will soon fulfill his vow, and be running away with you; then how you will be surrounded by friends and splendors, he has such fabulous wealth, and is so generous. I would be afraid to tell you how much he gave me, and how delicately it was done, when he ascertained my circumstances."

Helen said, "I have not thought of leaving home, nor of this nice friend of yours. I have heard it said, 'All is not gold that glitters,' beside when I reach a proper age, no doubt I will be able to give an answer to a proposal without the meddling of self interested acquaintances."

"Do you, indeed!" retorted the old lady. "The poor fellow is much in love, and asked me to intercede for him, with your mother. Many a young girl would be wild with delight at the compliments this gentleman has paid you, while you treat him with contempt. No lady has the right to resent an honorable proposal, it is the greatest compliment a man can pay you."

"Mrs. Doty, do you not think a mother is the proper person to decide whether a daughter shall reject, or accept a man?"

Mrs. Doty replied, "No daughter of mine would accept a proposal without my approval, but as for this man Hilton, do you know him well? He to me in dress and manners appeared more like a married man, than a bachelor."

"He is a confirmed old bachelor, and nothing could induce him to change his habits, so he told James, and I asked him if he had ever thought of marriage, but I fear Miss Helen has made him change his mind." Read this:

"EVANSTON, WYOMING, May 15th, 1860.

"DEAR MADAM HOAG.—We have got so far on our journey very comfortable, as the stage-coach is not crowded.

"We got off that night, without anyone knowing what we had in the box.

"I was sure you would be glad to hear how we was, we did not feel cold a bit as you feared we would, for I had coats, rugs and robes enough to smother me. I expect Le Grand got off all right, hope he will reach home all safe, as of course he will—good boy he is. I have thought of you all often—and especially of the girl in the blue dress. I send kind regards to her and all the rest of the friends, and be sure when I hear people mention the ladies of Utah, I shall tell them they are ladies indeed, for I have met them.

"Write to me, Cedar Street, New York City."

It was signed Donnallen Hilton. The envelope was sealed with his initials."

"Now," said Madam to Helen, "just look at your future. That box contained one hundred thousand dollars, the fruit of his business transactions in one week."

Helen replied indignantly, "You seem to interest yourself much in my future, I cannot understand it. However, I suppose you mean well; the letter is dreadfully written, it is with difficulty I can read it; also it is not elegantly expressed nor well spelled."

"You all seem to lay much stress upon his money, while much to be desired, it does not make the man. Papa has friends who have been rich for generations and I never heard them mention the subject."

Madam Hoag saw nothing in him that was not the gentleman. "He wishes to become better acquainted with you, and a cordial friend of the family; were he a vain, senseless fop, how quickly you would fancy him," said this artful intriguing woman.

Helen responded with some spirit, "It is very good of you to wish so much for me, I should feel deeply grateful to you. In the future will say nothing of my own feelings, because it would be taking advantage of your generosity and kindness; of course there being such a great difference in our ages, you are so sharp and far

seeing, you are the better judge of the sincerity as to what he says, and as to his being the generous, noble man he represents himself to be."

Mrs. Doty laughingly remarked, "Mr. Hilton, will no doubt soon forget his visit to Utah, it is quite common for gentlemen to pay those compliments to ladies, and in an active, busy career, the most constant will forget; their minds become filled with the scenes passing around them, and unless business should again call him here, we *probably* will never hear of him again." All the time it was evident there had entered her heart a hope that in this man, of whose wealth, generosity and business talents she had heard so much, her daughter might one day find a protector.

Expressing to Madam Hoag the pleasure she had at the entertainment; also regret that business engagements had prevented her husband accepting her invitation to the dinner, she invited her to come to her home often as agreeable; also to give her compliments to the gentleman, when she replied to his note.

CHAPTER VII.

KATE SILVERTON.

"There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice, he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eyes followed her's, and saw with her's,
Which color'd all his objects—he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life."

Byron.

A lovely California day in the spring of '49. The hotel of canvas (for San Francisco, was then but a Spanish town) was crowded. In the room next to Lawyer Bets and wife, were Mr. and Mrs. Silverton, from Boston. Silverton was of middle age, tall and forbidding, iron gray hair; he was neither handsome nor rich, but cold and selfish, with no appreciation of his beautiful accomplished wife. They had left their home, to seek a fortune in California. Kate, his wife, was two-and-twenty, middle size, fine figure, graceful carriage, small hands and feet, great black eyes that looked like a gazelle, olive complexion, classic features, jet black hair which she coiled in a Grecian knot.

She was a daughter of one of the proudest families in Massachusetts, the pet of her friends, accustomed to refinement and elegance.

She had, upon visiting a school friend in New York City, met Mr. Silverton, who became madly in love with this beautiful girl, and with the ardor of middle age won her affections, married, and took her to this far away place, where her days were passed in this canvas hotel with books, and longing for home.

It was a calm, tropical day, the breeze had lifted the fog, leaving the sunlight on trees and flowers, as the steamer, passing through the Golden Gate—and by the islands, approached the pier at San Francisco. All was bustle and confusion, all had passed a restless night, impatient for the landing. For steamers were not then, as now, "Floating palaces," nor was a voyage one of delight, but weary and uninteresting; every berth taken, and cots spread about the deck, for the men, who were impatient to reach Eldorado—where they dreamed all their bright hopes would be realized. So when the sun rose this Wednesday morning, all appeared on deck. Among the passengers, and first to land was Donnallen Hilton. Leaving his luggage with a Chinaman, he walked to the Canvas Hotel—registered, changed his attire, then looked about for acquaintances. At this moment dinner was announced, and Donnallen found himself at

table *vis a vis* to Mr. and Mrs. Silverton. Only a glance, and he saw she was beautiful, refined, neglected and homesick.

Assuming an air of frankness, that covered a life destitute of every principle of honor, for he was a heartless, systematic libertine, he introduced himself to Silverton, and they became "Hail fellow well met." Finding Silverton was here to make money and as yet, had not entered into business, he proposed to make him agent in his marble business, as that was one of the things he proposed to establish in this Western City; it was sure to be a large city, and marble would be needed, for ornament and monuments.

Silverton accepted with gratitude and bade Donnallen come to their rooms whenever he felt lonely, he would always be welcome. He replied he would with pleasure, and was not long in availing himself of an opportunity. He noticed when they talked of business, Mrs. Silverton, moved wearily away, and seemed oppressed with anxiety and fear. He conjectured she did not like him, so immediately took steps to hide his purpose, and become to Silverton the trusted friend and benefactor. He became devout, never missing a Sabbath morning service, in company with Mrs. Silverton, her husband preferring the newspaper at home.

Soon Mr. Hilton began sending dainty boquets, delicious fruits, and ices, music, books;

and at such times as he knew Kate was grieved by coldness or neglect, would come with invitations to such places of amusement as San Francisco afforded. Mr. Silverton, thinking no evil, urged her to go. No need to remain at home and mope, because he could not accompany them. So they were constantly thrown together. Hilton arranged excursions to points of interest near San Francisco, to San Louis, Obispo, the Mission, where all is quaint and strange, and many other beautiful places; always inviting a large party—paying all expenses himself, and managing when there was a shaded gravel walk, to be near the beautiful Kate. Many moonlight nights he would walk with her amid the fragrance of flowers, citron and olive wood. While he paid a harpist to linger in the distance soothing her nerves with far-off music.

Soon his conduct became rather pronounced, but Kate's beautiful eyes full of tears, looked pleadingly in his. She said, "Oh! please do not say another word." He was on his knees in a moment, "For Heaven's sake, don't cry, and forgive me, don't imagine for one moment, that I can think anything of you that is not pure, womanly and true. You are in my eyes the fairest and best of women. We will not speak of it any more—at least not at present, but someday, kissing and releasing her hands, you will think as I do."

Lawyer Bets and wife, hearing the conversation, "for cloth does not keep out sound," he said, "Wife, it is a pity so lovely a woman married the gloomy old man. She must have loved him as he has no wealth. She is silent, pale and sad enough now, but she is very young, when we consider she has no friends here, save the old man, it is not amazing. If that handsome young fellow tries that racket again, go in at once and by your presence, prevent her losing her honor; if, on the contrary, he insists upon a divorce and marriage, do not meddle. He is young, rich, and seems generous; could keep her in opulence, why should they not be happy? He seems truly in love with her. What was his quotation?

"For in his heart, as in the stream, her image deeply
lies,
His heart which trembles at the beam,
Of her soul searching eyes."

Poe.

"Yes, yes, sentimental! I've been there myself."

Mrs. Bets remonstrated and represented the wrong she would inflict upon her husband, and thought the intimacy with Hilton dangerous. He thought it a pity she should intrust her life and happiness to the keeping of the obstinate old man, whose temper was incompatible with hers. "I dare say he would not grieve much."

Hilton now restricted his visits to long intervals, and when he did arrive, his manners were those of a gentleman, his attentions the most delicate. Lawyer Bets thought his determination to win the lady was strengthened, and that he was adroitly maneuvering to win her heart, with what result we shall see.

Respectfully and with tact he continued his attentions to Mr. and Mrs. Silvertown—advancing the old man in his business until the dream of his life seemed about to be realized, and he seemed buried in trade. While Hilton, with a will firm as granite, resolved to separate them and make her his wife—the moment they were alone he would tumble down upon his knees and plead his cause—for her Gods—blessed love—wasted upon the old man who thought more of the price of a marble monument than of her precious life. She was living in sin to remain with her husband, when her heart was his, he would have her, life was unbearable without her.

• She would implore him to leave her, reminding him of the vows made at the altar. "What God hath joined together," He shakes his curly head and laughingly says, "I am simply going to explain my ideas."

Each day she listened to his supplications, with less remonstrance, until finally she consented to obtain a divorce and become his wife.

So one day in '50, he called, saying "Thank

God for His blessing! I have come to take you away, the steamer sails tomorrow, shall take you home to mother, and just as soon as you obtain the divorce, we shall be married." She is trembling, her face white as alabaster. Turning his eyes upon her he exclaims, "Darling, what is the matter, are you not with Donnallen."

"I trust so, safe and happy. Will your love last?"

CHAPTER VIII.

UNEXPECTED VISITS.

"And our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books, in the running brooks
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

September 1st the Dotys received an unexpected flying visit from Mr. Hilton; he came with Madam Hoag. Several times he had written, sending special messages to Helen, but no hint that he intended again visiting Salt Lake City. Madam Hoag said, "He wished by surprises to form some idea of Helen's character and disposition, which could be better understood by coming unexpectedly, and he still hoped to overcome her dislike to him."

On this evening Helen had several guests at her home; all were quite charmed with Mr.

Hilton. He talked to them of excursions he had made to places of interest, not then, as now, visited by many tourists. All were, in fact, pleased to hear him talk.

Once during the evening, after Miss Helen had sung for him, he whispered, "My uttermost joy since I left has been in the thought of you. I have never in my life made love, but language is too poor to tell you how I love you. I may not be able to speak to you alone, but think kindly of me if you can." Later he passed Helen the newspaper; upon the margin was written, "I leave tomorrow, I will not see you again, God bless you, Helen, goodbye. Donnallen."

The evening passed pleasantly. When the guests arose to depart, Madam Hoag said, "It is moonlight; I propose the young people should see us home," that is, escort her home, then the gentlemen would return with the ladies.

The night was indeed beautiful. At the gate, Mr. Hilton, offering his arm to Miss Helen, said, "We will walk last.

"No, no, let the old folks go first," laughed the rest."

They all walked together, but returning, the party was smaller. Mr. Hilton walked rapidly until out of hearing of the others. Then he spoke of his family and friends; he had few relatives, as he had told her—his mother was

dead. How he wished his dear good mother could know her, she would teach her how to love him, ~~his~~^{the} dear old grandma resembled her, and in many ways reminded him of her.

He talked much of the splendor of his home and surroundings, and wondered how she could live in this lonely city.

Helen replied that she was very young, and school, music, and home duties occupied most of her time, while her associates were kind, intelligent, and pleasant.

He said in his world, the system practiced here would be looked upon with contempt and loathing. Should a man be guilty of such things, he would lay himself liable to the law. He thought for a young girl like herself to engage in polygamy would be something horrible.

Helen replied she did not discuss the subject with men, she had many warm friends who professed that belief, and it was a subject never mentioned between them; as for herself, she had seen enough to never care to engage in it, she wondered he tried so hard to cultivate an acquaintance with one of whose surroundings he expressed such horror."

"But," said Hilton, "do you dream of any other place?"

Yes, she knew her life was limited and narrow. Several of her relatives and friends had traveled in Europe, which had polished their

manners somewhat, and they had taken pains to instruct their children in art and sculpture, her music teacher was the daughter of an earl, she had left castles and palaces in Denmark and Sweden to become a Mormon. She had taught her of the best masters, also made her familiar with the music and story of all the old operas. Some day in the future, she hoped to go out in the world of which she had heard and read so much, particularly did she long to see the antiquities of Europe, to visit Greece and Italy, as those were the histories she most delighted to read, she wished to view those classic ruins, "monuments of the past breathing of wisdom, oratory and poetry," and Venice, it seemed, would be a dream of delight. All the pictures, song and poetry of Venice seemed like enchantment. She could imagine herself beneath Italy's sunny skies, inhaling the perfume laden breezes and trusted, should she ever have the pleasure, she should not be disenchanted.

He replied, "Do you know, I care nothing for such things, the history I like best is Napoleon Bonaparte. What a glorious man he was? You should read of him. I am afraid you like novels."

Helen said, "she did, but read few—had read of Napoleon, was not an enthusiastic lover of him—thought him selfish and egotistical."

Said he, "Napoleon ranks with the greatest

men the world has ever seen; a great warrior, he put an end to Anarchy and placed France at the head of nations."

So she had read, but always sympathized with Paoli, who banished him from the Island of Corsica in 1792, but admitted he was astute and for a time, it was a career of victory; he was no gentleman, and how noble and brave was the killing of the Bourbon Prince, Duke d' Anghien, and how perfectly lovely in him to divorce Josephine, and make the daughter of his old enemy, the Emperor of Austria, Empress of the French

He replied, "Oh, that was nothing, it was expedient and the end justified the means." His face in the moonlight was a study, as he said this. "Are you fond of flowers too, Miss Helen?"

Yes she was a great admirer of the wild flowers here. "They are few and very beautiful, and we girls give them names, they are not botanized. You will be surprised to know I have never yet seen a rose other than the wild ones, and the eglantine which we have on our premises; it would be delightful to see a garden of roses."

"What a pleasure it would be to provide you with such a garden," said he, "I suppose we Eastern people cannot realize the pleasure such things give to one raised as you have been.

Why do you not have roses, it costs little to grow them?"

She did not know, unless because in an early day bitter experience taught them to provide for several years ahead, the necessities of life, and as everything required much labor, owing to irrigation, they had thought little of flowers, they would come in time.

By this time they had reached the cottage. Helen bade him goodnight, but gave him no invitation to repeat his call.

After the girls were alone, Grace Vivian, one of the guests, said, "Oh, he is just too splendid for anything, and I know Helen, it is 'Kismet.' When you are in your palatial residence in New York City, send for us girls to visit you. You can with his vast wealth and generosity, the enormous expense of the trip would be nothing to him."

"Don't ask me to send for you. I, too, thought with a shudder it may be possible, everything seems to conspire to bring it about, but believe if it should be, I shall be unhappy; in fact, my opinion is, he is from head to foot a sham, he deceives you before your face, and will argue, until you are convinced you saw wrongly. You doubt his statement, yet end by believing him; as for his generosity, I believe he would starve me."

"Why, Helen, you are sentimental and imaginative," exclaimed Grace.

"No, no, only clairvoyant. Come to me when I have been married ten years and see who judged him wrongly. But what nonsense! He has not proposed to me, and I am the interested one."

A few weeks later Helen was surprised one evening by a call from a number of children who came with a letter; as she had received but one or two in her life, it was quite an event. Coming from school, the postmaster hailed one of her relatives, saying, "A letter for Miss Helen, please hand it to her." It was mailed at San Francisco, Cal., the address written in a strange hand, upon a yellow envelope, the paper inside such as business men use, written in Battery Street, 1861.

"MY DEAR MISS HELEN.—I am afraid my letter to you will be unwelcome, but truly all my thoughts are of you alone: The times that I can leave my business and visit you are so few the distance so great, and to tell the truth, I am becoming so much interested in you and wishing to know you better, I write to request a correspondence with you. Enclosed is my, and my brother's business card. Hoping to receive a favorable reply, I remain ever your friend,

"DONNALLEN HILTON."

The children who brought the letter insisted it was not fair, not to let them know the con-

tents. "Let us hear it and who wrote it," thereupon Helen read it aloud. "Oh a love letter! a love letter! be sure and invite us to the wedding." Miss Helen tore it up but immediately replied.

"SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, January, 1861.

"MR. HILTON, DEAR SIR.—Your note received, it was a surprise, I reside where it is not the custom for young girls to open correspondence with gentlemen. Also, have no interest in continuing the acquaintance. Respectfully,

"HELEN DOTY."

The letter was dispatched not without some opposition, and Madam Hoag was immediately consulted and promised if another letter came, she should be allowed to give an opinion ere it was answered. A fortnight brought another.

"BATTERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"DEAR MISS HELEN.—My sensibilities are deeply wounded that you hint I lack the honor of a gentleman. Inclosed I send you references of men with whom I have done business for a quarter of a century, and you see how I stand. Hoping you will think better of your determination, I remain ever your friend,

"DONNALLEN HILTON."

Madam Hoag was allowed to read it and this the result.

"SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, February, 1861.

"MR. HILTON, DEAR SIR.—Yours received, Madam Hoag thinks it breathes the soul of honor; this is what she says. 'As Helen's betrothed lover, you should look upon him with the eyes of favor, especially in perceiving in the integrity of the old man's character, the best guarantee of the future happiness of the family.' She, you know, is the confidential friend of my mother as well as of yourself. Father has not seen your letters. I think your list of references too long, but then I am only a girl, those men are strangers to me, no doubt among so many, some can be found upon whom we can rely. I have written enough for you to understand your attentions cause me unhappiness. Please let them cease now. Respectfully,

"HELEN DOTY."

CHAPTER IX.

GOING HOME.

“And eyes forget the gentle ray,
They wore in courtship’s smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone.”

Going aboard the steamer, the voyage was long and delightful, giving Donnallen an opportunity to study the character of this refined, beautiful Mrs. Silverton, who possessed a fund of knowledge with wonderful fascination of manner. While a glance from her Madonna-like eyes would fill his soul with delight, he would assure her his life had been a wilderness ere he met her, and his mind seemed awake from the evil influences which had bound him. She was not quite happy, being by nature of pure feelings, her religion prohibiting a divorce, she was troubled. He would laugh at her fears and as he was near her day after day, and at evening the moonlight and starlit sky reflected in the blue waters of the ocean, was very conducive to love making, she grew more and more fascinated,

her conscientious scruples growing fainter and fainter.

Upon landing at New York City they went to the Astor House, in Broadway. Here she met and became reconciled to her family, and Donnallen having a warm friend in the influential but unscrupulous Judge Bridgewood, an appeal for divorce was laid before the legislature and through his intervention and the support of his friend East, an able lawyer, the bill was passed, immediately, leaving this lovely, accomplished woman free to marry him.

In due time the two went to his New England home where his friends met her with open arms, and life seemed now to be full of sunshine. Soon they were married, going again to the Astor, where in a suite of rooms, looking on Broadway, they passed the first weeks of their married life. Now the shade of thought on that beautiful brow was seldom seen. They were young, rich and handsome. For a short time, the admiration she received from all who saw her seemed to make his life complete.

She with eagerness anticipated every wish of his, giving pleasant words and smiles.

They made the rounds of the fashionable resorts. And in those gay and brilliant scenes, she found Donnallen less attentive. He seemed entranced with the glittering circle, especially with the beautiful women, with bright eyes and

the charms that wealth, travel and art could adorn. There came to her at times a premonition of coming sorrow. During the second year of their travels, a little boy was born to them, with the blue eyes of his father, but the gazelle-like expression of the mother. Donnallen loved the boy well as his selfish nature could love, and expressed a belief that when he should be older, he should feel a deep interest in him. The care of the babe took much of Kate's time, leaving Hilton to his own resources. Soon after the birth of the child he became stern, his eyes no longer seemed to smile at her, but wore a gloomy expression, the gifts of flowers, fruit, books and music ceased. No use to play sentimental now. Her sweetness had coyed, it was time to settle down into real life. She now became sorrowful, smiles were rare on her beautiful lips. For she loved him with an unselfish love. Her friends began to whisper she was neglected.

When Hilton after four years, took her child from her, she tortured herself with the thought that she had done wrong, acted with impatience in the difficulties that beset her early married life, remembering all the kindness of Silverton. As time softened the rough places, she felt the bitterest contrition that she had ever been influenced to play him false.

When Hilton, abused, taunted and threatened her, raising her beautiful sad eyes to his, asked,

"Do you not love me, Donnallen?" He answered, "I thought I did when I used to kneel at your feet in the Canvas Hotel, when I made you promise to give up all for me, but the fact is, your affection annoys me."

She replied, "I have sinned, but I have been punished, Oh! my God, more than I can bear." After such conversations her manner became cold and passionless, she seemed to brood in silence over something of which she never spoke. During the five years of her married life, her face had become thin and pale, her expression hard, hopeless, bitter.

One day Hilton came in hurriedly saying, "Kate, I wish you to take a voyage with me, so be ready for the steamer to-morrow." They returned to dear old California.

Soon after that, she was seen standing in the door of a gloomy, old tumbled down place ten miles from Salem, Or., her hands folded, her eyes fixed intently upon the landscape. Hilton, stepping up to her, touched lightly with his lips her brow. She turned her eyes for a moment on his face, and extending her hand, in accents sad and sweet murmured farewell. That was the last seen of her for many weary years. Her friends sometimes wondered what could have become of her, and what it was changed the bright-eyed, smiling, fascinating Kate into that proud, cold statue, and that nothing was left of her beautiful face, but those black mournful eyes.

CHAPTER X.

REJECTED.

"I think that at the last I culled a flower,
And gave to her, and then spoke loud and free;
'Yes, be my wife, Ottillia, from this hour,
That I, like thee, may, pure and happy be.'"

Heine.

It was a lovely day in June. The young girls, with Miss Vivian and other friends had been the guests of Mr. Doty, at his farm. They had, after a week of romping, returned to the city, where after a substantial dinner, they sat talking until past midnight. When Mrs. Doty, called to the young ladies to retire, the girls all apologized, saying, "They had no idea it was so late." The next morning all in the house slept late. It was ten o'clock, when Mrs. Doty informed Helen and her companions, that "Mr. Hilton had arrived and would, with Madam Hoag, be their guest that evening." So the young ladies helped with the morning's work, one clearing away the table, another making the room tidy, while Miss Vivian, arranged boquets in the parlor, laughingly she quoted from Mrs. Heman's "The Brief Honeymoon." Transposing as struck her fancy.

"From the home of childhood's glee,
From the days of laughter free,
From the loves of many years,
Thou must go to cares and fears;
To another path and guide;
To a bosom yet untried."

Which was received with peals of laughter, while each in turn composed something original in reference to the occasion. The hours passed jolly enough until time for the guests to arrive. Then nothing could exceed their dignity and repose of manner.

Mr. Hilton asked the young ladies, "If they did not find life behind the stone wall a dull one?"

They replied, "It would be, if they did nothing but sit down and brood upon it."

"How is it with you, Miss Helen?"

She replied, "It would be, but she was a great lover of nature."

"You have never been away from this place in all your life?"

"No, no farther than fifty miles south, and I am almost seventeen. I long to see the world, I should like to see the grand places I have read about. But this is a beautiful spot. Inside the wall in the moonlight that water makes a beautiful picture, one is never lonely, for that water rushes over the rocks with a musical sound all the year round. In the early spring we girls and

boys hasten to the sunny spots, where the ground is carpeted with wild flowers, and later along the streams, the columbines and wild roses peep through the tangled shrubbery. We find much to amuse and instruct, as well as much variety. For while we harken to some sweet singing as the young people wend their way home, we hear also the howl of the coyote, and the frightful babble of the Indian pow-wow." That did not frighten her now, as it used to do. She well remembered her meditations were interrupted one night, when there came a messenger to the door, saying the Indians were unfriendly and they feared an attack ere the sun rose.

The cottage being isolated, they were to go to the Judge's, where was a strong guard. Taking her shoes under her arm, she ran along, stopping now and then to play in the sand, or gather flowers. Her uncle would call to her, "Don't linger, baby, put on your shoes, don't you know the lizards run in and out among the flowers?"

But she would stop again and again, to gaze at the mountains so grandly beautiful, and the moon shone out through the oak leaves, while the gray of the sage brush in the moonlight and starlit valley, took on a silver sheen. Little cared she for the threatened trouble, being just old enough to feel perfect confidence in the ability of the guard to quell any disturbance.

Hilton thought she must have a happy dis-

position to find so much, from so little, but he thought she would soon forget her mountain home if she once visited a large city.

Helen replied, "No, she had been told the strongest impressions of life were those formed in childhood."

He replied, "He loved to hear her talk, he could listen to her for hours, she made him forget time." After supper the company separated into groups, and walked about the grounds, inhaling the fragrance of the summer breeze.

Hilton joined Helen, telling her he had been watching for a tete-a-tete. He asked her "to become his wife." It was pitiful to listen to this friendless old man, who amid the cares of amassing a fortune, led a life of desolation. "You see," he said, "I am alone in the world, while you are blessed with near friends and relatives. You cannot know how impatiently I wait for these Western visits." Something very bright had come into his life since he had known her, she was so new and fresh with her ideas, so independent, so free and unaffected in manner, and yet so retiring, that his heart had completely gone out to her. That after he returned to his bachelor home, he would sit and think how she looked in her cottage home. How he longed in the evenings for the sound of her voice singing, or talking to him. How long the days seemed,

and how uninteresting everything was without her.

She was deeply grieved to crush his fond hopes, but could not accept the honor he proposed.

"Then you do not love me?" He asked.

She replied, "I have never thought of you only as an acquaintance."

They were now joined by the merry company, which soon dispersed.

CHAPTER XI.

HILTON HALL.

Thus grief still treads upon the heel of pleasure,
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.

Congrere.

On the crest of a hill overlooking the thriving manufacturing village of —, is the residence of its richest citizen, the Railroad King, Donallen Hilton. His home is located in the centre of a hundred acres, a most beautiful spot, shut in from the noise of the great world. Ascending the hill from the front is a green lawn with garden and orchard. There is a romantic, dreamy, beauty about this lovely spot. At the rear of the house the hill thickly covered with

evergreens, and near the house landscape gardens with fountains playing in the centre, making a gentle music. Under the trees are rustic seats, to the right a hot-house contained exquisite flowers, transplanted from every clime, to bloom in New Hampshire. In an aviary, birds from the islands of the seas made the place vocal with sweet notes, while statues adorned the court, a sweet picture of gushing water, green lawns and warbling birds.

Ascending the steps and passing through the hall, you enter a large and handsomely furnished room, rich tapestry covered the floor, the ceiling was gracefully decorated with fantastic, oriental tracery of crimson and gold. Paintings covered the walls, many of them costing a fortune. Statues and busts in marble and bronze, were scattered around with the taste of an artist. The air of the room was fragrant with the perfume breathed from a vase of flowers that stood on the mosaic table. Curtains of Syrian silk draped the lofty windows, from which were seen fine views of the Belknap Mountains, bay of Winnipiseogee, river and islands. In this gorgeous room, reclining languidly upon a sofa, half buried in cushions of eiderdown and silk, was its mistress. Her jet black hair coiled in a knot and held with a golden comb. Not a single redeeming feature, but her large, sad brown eyes, and long jetty lashes that rested upon a

sunken, sallow cheek, nose so long as to give a comical expression to her face. Her thin lips compressed with a sad, pained expression. Her small brown hands covered with diamonds and emeralds, were folded with a weary hopeless air in her lap.

Few people could boast of an intimacy with the rich mistress of Hilton Hall.

Donnallen, after struggling with poverty in his youth, became suddenly wealthy, built this richly furnished home, then married his cousin Lucy Hilton.

Yet Lucy was not happy. She was pledged to a Frenchman when Donnallen, thinking it not a suitable match, caused her to break her vow, by writing her. He would marry her when he should return, his heart was not in it, but she would not let him prove recreant. So in 1856, they were married. Lucy learned his affections were always flitting, the more intensely he entered into a subject, the quicker his ardor was cured, and that during his years of absence, he had developed into a fast man.

He did not remain at home an hour after the ceremony, but allowed her to remain there, while he traveled for years. When the last illness of his mother called him back, a little girl had been born to them, but she opened no fountain of joy or tenderness in his heart.

She was a pale wee thing, mentally weak. He

tortured his forsaken, neglected wife by saying, he cared nothing for a girl, had she been a bright, beautiful boy he could have loved each of them. So Lucy, having no kind words or affection from him, loved with all her strength the child, and passively endured his expressions of disappointment.

Little May clung to her mamma, while she seemed to shrink with childish instinct from an attempt of tenderness or friendship from papa. Lucy, deprived of her husband's society, pale and unhappy, she never went abroad and little in the village society, so she daily grew more delicate, silent and uninteresting.

From this home coming, a boy was born, but alas, not the bright, beautiful boy he hoped for: the little baby was the victim of his father's sin. With bitter pangs of remorse, he consulted the most eminent physicians, and did all that skill could do. He cursed his past follies, telling Lucy he had provided for her and the children everything that could make home beautiful and having done his duty, he left her with her embittered sorrow, telling her home was dismal to him, their marriage a mistake, they were too nearly related by blood to rear a brilliant family.

Without caring for the poor heart, craving love or a kind word, he again resorted to travel. Her heart was chilled by neglect, and year in

and out she remained a prisoner in her splendid home, her strength exhausted by the heart weary longing for sympathy that never came.

CHAPTER XII.

HILTON IS PERSISTENT.

"There is never a cloud in the blue and gold
Of that country so fair and bright;
Its people's hearts are brave and bold,
And their spirits free and light."

Nearly a year had passed, with frequent letters to Madam Hoag, and occasionally one to Helen.

One day early in April, Donnallen Hilton came to the cottage and asked to see Miss Doty. She had on a neat print house-dress, and came to him in the pretty little parlor, which was their usual sitting-room, and held out her hand, with the frankness characteristic of her. She knew perfectly well what he had called for, she had grown used to the idea of regarding him as a suitor, although a rejected one, and one for whom she had no fond hope in reserve. So, after he had repeated the same old story, she said firmly: "It is impossible for me to feel interested in you, and I am sorry you oblige me to repeat it. I told you plainly when you asked

for my correspondence how I felt toward you, and do not think it kind that you should insist upon a marriage with one whom you know has neither love nor esteem for you."

He turned upon her his troubled dark blue eyes, and with a sad smile said: "It seems as if Heaven had designed our meeting! Separated as we were by thousands of miles of desert and mountains. Only last night I told Madam Hoag, there was no other woman living, whom I would win for my wife but you, Helen, for I know you to be pure, true and good. She thought we were made for each other. She will be sorry for me, when I tell her that I have failed again today. My sister will be sorry too, for I have told her all about you. She wished me success, and is ready to give you a sister's love. I wish I could have carried brighter news to her. You would take me if you cared for me just a little?"

"It is because I am true, I refuse you—and there is a great difference in our ages, beside other considerations."

His eyes sharpened, while he said, "Nothing in this world can change my determination to marry you. You pay me a pretty compliment, more than one fine lady has given me broad hints!"

"No doubt," replied she, "Madam Hoag has already informed me how few women there are

in the world who would be able to deny so handsome a lover, I give you her statement verbatim."

His sunburnt face flushed hotly, at Helen's outspoken speech, but he answered laughingly: "Unhappily you are not one of those women; nevertheless, some day, I hope to be your husband, and you shall love me too, then it will often amuse us to recall the time when I sought in vain your hand in marriage." He took her hand, kissed it, and went slowly away. Looking at his watch, he lingered in the shade of the trees; he took off his hat, the cool spring wind fanned his forehead and lifted the wavy hair from his bald head; then walking rapidly through the streets until he met Le Grand. Informing him, he never thought to meet such perversity in so meek a face." One thing is sure, she don't care a cent for me! There must be some other fellow in the background. Well I've given her another chance. Now I must wait awhile, ere I begin again in earnest, for by Jove, I am determined it shall not be a defeat; this second rebuff came too soon after the first. Don't know though whether the whistle will pay for time and trouble."

With a coarse low laugh, Le Grand told him to bear his defeat like a man. He had been informed that troubles thick and fast had come to the lot of the family. Doty had made enemies, there were several influential men

jealous of him, and things might shape themselves. I'll continue to sing your praises and manage the thing for you. Let me tell you, old man, you are not her only suitor. There is more than one, would be glad to give her undivided attention. It may be a relief to your mind to know that there is a merchant in St. Louis not many years her senior, should she not change her mind, may one day be her husband."

"Yes I saw her at the play, chatting away with a handsome fellow. She puts on her interesting silence with me. But do you know, Jim, that at last I have met my doom, that I love, well as I am capable of loving, the daughter of the man, whose name seems to be hated among my friends."

"You come with me; you shall do just as you like. There are only three of us at home, the boys being away so you can be free as air; beside Madam Hoag's dinner will be waiting."

CHAPTER XIII.

O happiness! Our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! Whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

Pope.

Four years had passed, during which time Hilton had made two and three tours a year to Salt Lake City. His admiration for Helen suffered no diminution, it increased rather. He said, even as he sat at his desk in New York City, her image was a living presence to him. He was by nature fickle; yet his love for her, had increased steadily since that May day, just after the fifteenth anniversary of her birth. He felt sure it was the love of his life.

Helen said, she had no doubt but he had loved before.

He replied, "I have had one or two empty infatuations, but love, such as I feel for you, never."

Then he implored her to be married to him, that he might have her continually under his care, and to cheer the solitude of his bachelor home. I will use every exertion to make you

happy, and Edward will love the young sister I shall bring to him. He is many, many years older than I am, he being the eldest and I the youngest of five children. He has vast wealth too, and we will be his heirs. I too am rich. A gracious providence has prospered me in all my ways, while you living isolated from the world have so little."

"We may be primitive in character, but not so much so, as your own people, and if we are deprived of some of the advantages which you possess, we are also free from many of the faults engendered by contact with the world," replied she, with some animation.

"You do not quite understand me. I only alluded to the advantages of travel, and not at all to your surroundings. In my inexperience I seem ever to appear at a disadvantage before the only being I ever cared to please. Now Helen, I have waited ever so patiently for you, hoping you would love me just a little. But I will marry you, even if you do not care for me, for I love you so much I cannot half express it, and you may learn to love me after we are married, for I shall be so kind, you must return my love."

She replied, she did not love him, but everything seemed to conspire to bring the event about. It was evident he would never permit her to have anyone else. No doubt but it was

it was fate.' If he chose to accept her hand, then she would marry him."

He placed upon her finger a pearl ring, saying, he despised the glitter of the diamond. A pearl was like herself, she was his "Pearl of great price."

She said, "The diamond is most beautiful, and your idea is fanciful to say the least."

He laughed, saying "You are such an independent person, but I shall be proud to introduce you to my friends. Our first married life will be passed in travel, and you will be so polished. Do you know you have a very expressive face, but you do not smile often enough. You are so beautiful when you smile that I forgive you that you have treated me badly sometimes. Now let me tell you something. When you know the world better, you will know there are many pitfalls for a young married woman especially the wife of an old man. You will see that pleasure can allure to destruction in seemingly harmless shapes, even strong men are often deceived until the evil is upon them."

"Do you speak from experience?"

"No! But understand me, many by a fascinating manner, cover a heart of deceit. I merely tell you this, knowing that when we are married, you will often be left alone, my business making it necessary for you to remain at

home; for you could not endure the fatigue of the rough travel I constantly have."

They were now interrupted by the entrance of the family, to whom Mr. Hilton announced their engagement, and proposed a speedy marriage. He must go to Idaho, business called him there. Upon his return he wished to be married and take Helen with him to San Francisco and Oregon. All the family debated the subject, and ere he left he obtained the promise that upon his return she would marry him.

The girls now congratulated Helen. Grace Vivian, saying: "One would not imagine from your manner, that the dignified Mr. Hilton, with his suavity of manner, gracious smile, and vast wealth, had decided to take you from our midst. My head would be so engrossed with the compliment you have received, and the conquest you have made, that I should not have time to think of anything else."

Aunt Mary remarked: "Helen was always quiet. As a small child when informed that she was going out, she would fold her little hands, and wait quietly until dressed; while her sisters would clap their little hands and sing for joy. So the child has never been understood."

The weeks were now spent in arranging her wardrobe for travel.

Among the friends who congratulated Helen, was an eccentric old man. He returned the next

day, saying, he believed in dreams and had a horrible one. It was that Mr. Hilton appeared to him as the arch fiend, he awoke with a premonition of evil, and urged Helen to postpone her marriage.

She replied that she too had a fearful dream, in which Mr. Hilton appeared to her in a hideous form. But all the rest laughed, saying "she was superstitious."

Soon after this a Mr. Niles called to bring a message from Mr. Hilton, he was a poet, and a devout Mormon. He delivered the message, and spent the evening conversing about the man; every word was a eulogy. "His vast wealth, his simplicity, his great charity and his devotion to friends." After a few more days he told Helen's family, "that Mr. Hilton had deceived them, but he requested secrecy, as he, himself, was owing him a large sum of money. Should he offend him, it might make it embarrassing. But in New York City he had a beautiful wife and three lovely children. That she lived in great splendor and he had dined with her several times. That he did not approve of a girl reared among Mormons, marrying among outsiders, they should marry at home; especially a girl like Helen. 'A pearl of great price.' He had hesitated to speak out, fearing to offend Mr. Hilton."

When Helen was asked what she thought of it, she replied: "It was rather sudden. Mr.

Hilton had been for years, seeking her hand in marriage; all had insisted that it was a most brilliant opportunity. His being an old bachelor had been constantly discussed for four years; now that she had accepted him, came the statement, that if true, made him an infamous scoundrel, a gray haired old sinner, a man mean enough to deny his own flesh and blood. However, he would soon return and could answer for himself!"

He soon returned, called at once at the cottage, saying to Helen: "Your preciousness I never fully realized until I left. The hours have seemed like an eternity, and made me know how necessary you are to my happiness. And you did not reply to my letters, why was that?"

• "You wrote as if you owned me, requesting that I should not accept any invitation to mingle with my young friends, as you considered an engagement as sacred as a marriage. You may be seated, Mr. Hilton." Then Helen, looking straight into his eyes said: "I have heard an infamous rumor about you. It is that you are a married man, and a villain. Mr. Niles states that you already have a family in New York City, that he has met them."

There was a sudden start, but no guilty look rested on his countenance. He said: "It is absolutely false, I never have been married, nor have I ever asked any woman on earth to marry

me, but you, Helen. Come with me at once to Mr. Niles, he shall eat his words; what could have induced him to lie like that? Come at once, Helen, what an infamous knave you must imagine me to be! Why, ask my friends, they will tell you it is all false. Am I to lose the only being I ever loved because of a lie?"

Helen replied, "Mr. Niles requested us not to mention his name."

"Should judge he would! But he must eat his words. He came to me in New York City asking to borrow one thousand dollars, he was far from home and embarrassed. I had business with his brother-in-law here, so loaned him the money and invited him to my brother's to dine, then to the theatre. Edward is not married, but has a handsome brown stone front on Twenty-third Street, and keeps a housekeeper. That is absolutely all the foundation there is, for Mr. Niles assertion, and I will give you indisputable proof of it. But respectfully request you to go with me to interview him."

"No matter," replied she, "we will drop the subject."

"And will you marry me as you promised?"

"No!"

"Why Helen, I can't understand you; you are so unlike yourself!"

"On the contrary," she said haughtily, "it is you, who seem to have lost all correct judgment

and all sense of what is right and wrong. Should I ever marry you, it will take time, reflection and careful investigation."

He left at once, sending back letters mailed at Denver, and letters from his partners; also from his cousins at Sioux City, Iowa, and from others, some of whom they knew, stating, that "Mr. Hilton had been in business with them for twenty years, and was just what he claimed to be."

Spring of 1865 had come, the winds were cold, and clouds often dimmed the sky; but the meadows were beautifully green, and dotted here and there with early flowers, the pink of the peach blossom, scented the morning air while in the limpid streams, the trees reflected their bright green leaves. All this time Helen had not seen, but had constantly received letters and messages from her troublesome lover. He had cleared himself from the impeachment. But calumny always leaves a stain, and she found it difficult to trust him. However, she was again persuaded, and promised after one year of study to consider the proposal.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE JOURNEY.

The Western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.

Scott.

1865-

August 10th came warm and bright. To Helen it will always be remembered as a day of pleasure, for it was her first long journey outside her mountain home.

Two o'clock found their friends at the gate to bid them adieu and bon voyage. The stage was prompt and only waited long enough for them to climb in. There was but one passenger, a man with gun and pistols, the driver, messenger and the father and daughter. They went directly South past Provo Lake, Camp Floyd, crossed the Jordan and to the Great American Desert. At Camp Floyd they were joined by an old Indian scout who insisted that Helen would be scalped, ere they reached Austin, Nevada. The Indians had been ugly of late. Then he told of the dreadful scenes he had witnessed. "There, do you see that little rise of ground? There is where the Sioux cut up so and so." One, the

messenger, Helen knew. Said the Scout, "I was upon the mountain yonder seeing the stage stop, raised my glass and saw all. There were no passengers; the driver and messenger were chatting, when just as they approached the knoll, the Indians lying low, so they could not be seen, sent a shower of arrows, killing the leading horse, and wounding both driver and messenger. Then the black imps took the young men and proceeded with exquisite torture, to cut them up, keeping life in them as long as possible."

When dusk came the Indians moved off, then the Scout came, put his horse in the place of the dead one, placed the bodies in the coach, took the driver's seat, and brought them to the nearest station, but it required much argument and several prayers, ere he could summon sufficient courage to go to them.

The stage coach went rumbling and jolting along, sometimes sinking to the hubs in the sand, then rising so abruptly as to unseat you, then settling you in a manner anything but pleasant.

Mr. Doty sat with the driver, where they say there is much less jolting. They would travel for hours, with no sound but the click of the telegraph wire, and the blood curdling stories of the Scout. The horses went at a brisk pace for twelve miles, then were exchanged for four fresh ones.

The desert is destitute of water or vegetation, excepting the grease wood. At this season of the year it presents the appearance of a lake of sand. It was strewn with the bones of dead animals. Emigrants used to bring water in barrels for their use while crossing, but did not always have enough for their animals. At the twelve mile stations, there are artesian wells, but the water is brackish and warm, with an unpleasant smell, the trip is uninteresting and of the roughest, one is smothered with sand and dust, and suffers with intolerable thirst.

The only event breaking the monotony was the Indians constantly met on the road. They would peep in upon you, when the stage stopped the strongest and swiftest runners would hurry away, disappear for time, make some short cut, then as the coach turned a bend in the road, they would be seen way ahead, where they would stand waiting for the coach to come up. They called them the advance guard. Now and then was seen a lonely grave. The Scout knew all about it, he or his friends having witnessed the killing.

He would relate the story beginning with the demoniacal whoop—ending with the lonely interment after the red-skins had moved away.

At Austin, Nevada, there came aboard sixteen passengers, all men, with lunch basket and portmanteau, making nineteen in all. There were nine inside, all seemed absorbed in the idea

of making the journey as comfortable for themselves as possible, without regard for the feelings of others, with but two exceptions, one a stout good natured German, the other a young man from Nevada.

When they came aboard, there was some talk of possible danger from the "Injins." But they were informed "at this time all was serene, as there had just been a massacre and the soldiers had punished them killing their chief, a cruel demon, so they were subdued."

The stage passed a pile of rocks where they had thrown his body. The men looked at him, one remarked, "He has killed some of my friends, and I would like to see his body mashed," but imagine he was satisfied, as all just glanced, turned away, not one speaking of him again.

They crossed Reese river, the deepest water was perhaps one foot. Helen asked why it was called a river. "Because it was such in the spring, when the snow melts and the rain falls." It takes its rise in the Toyabe range of mountains, in Ney County, its source is near the center of the state, although narrow and shallow it has a length of 150 miles. It passes through a limestone country and has several sinks. In the spring, with high water, its channel leads into the Humbolt river. There are many fine valleys along the river so they said.

After a time they began to ascend the moun-

tains, the road is narrow and wound along amid rocky passes, the mountains on one side the road, the other side steep and precipitous. Some times the road winds three times around the mountain ere it reaches the next, so steep is the ascent. Every now and then are glimpses of scenery, marvelous for grandeur and beauty.

From the higher summits looking into the valley below, tall trees appear like shrubs, the thought of an accident made one wonder how well they had said their prayers.

Winding amid these picturesque and romantic scenes, by three o'clock in the morning they arrive at Virginia City, where they remain until ten o'clock. The hotel was pretty. After a bath Helen retired for three hours. The bed was soft, the morning air balmy. It seemed to her perfect happiness to lie down after five days and nights in the stage coach, where sleep was impossible. The stops of twenty minutes three times a day, gave one but a few moments exercise. She was so fatigued she could not close her eyes, the lids refusing to drop over them. However, the rest was refreshing, the breakfast good, the ladies pretty and not afraid of their sex. They chatted without the formality of an introduction and kindly suggested what would make the journey more comfortable.

Leaving here they bade adieu to some of the tourists, but as many more came aboard. Travel-

ing through the Sierra Nevada Mountains, they forgot their weariness in looking at the majestic landscape which was sometimes fairly intoxicating. Upon reaching Carson City, they exchanged passengers, for as many came aboard as remained.

Here Helen's delight was beyond expression, when a young girl came aboard. With the freemasonry, so common among girls they were fast friends, ere an hour had passed. Here, too, she first felt insult, owing to her surroundings, as all those rude men, were instantly the "pink of perfection" for she was a lady whom they knew.

As it grew chilly, one man exclaimed "Ugh! its cold, I wish I had my cloak." Helen said, "Are you not wearing one?"

He understood, and apologized, saying he had two sisters at home, and would not like them to learn he could be rude to a lady, and added, "Men become very selfish on a journey where discomforts were many."

It was just sun down, when the stage coach turned a bend in the road, and they came to the very edge of Lake Tahoe. Ensconced amid the mountains at an altitude 6,225 feet above sea level, on the borders of Nevada and California, in the Sierra Nevadas. Its length twenty-two and a half miles, greatest width thirteen miles, its depth 1,506 feet, its waters not blue, but wonderfully clear, looking like a sheet of glass,

surrounded like a wall by the mountains while the beautiful pines peeped up through the snow.

One German exclaimed, "Tahoe, a jewel with an emerald setting," while an old Jew said, "Yes a diamond of purest ray." The mountains and pines with Heaven itself, was reflected in its transparent depths. "It was sublimely beautiful, restful," Helen said to her father. "I am not so weary now."

The mountain peaks towering above the clouds reflected the light of the setting sun, while the valleys below were in deep shadow. The air was fragrant with pine which was delightfully refreshing. A great contrast to that interminable road, where the moonlight revealed only the vast silent desert, stretched far away to the right and left. Upon reaching the station perched near the summit, they had a delicious dinner, where in place of bacon and potatoes, poor tea and coffee, owing to brackish water, they had sweet water, fruit, vegetables, trout, fowl and dessert.

There was nothing but fatigue in the cramped stage, until they reached Marysville, where they took the cars for Sacramento City.

Miss May Brown was an agreeable companion. She and Helen entered into an agreement not to separate until they were compelled to. At Sacramento City they had breakfast, received some friends, then at twelve o'clock took the boat for

San Francisco, having been eight days and nights in the stage coach, with but five hours rest.

'Twas said, the windings of the river were beautiful, but utter exhaustion compelled Helen to retire. She invited Miss May to share her stateroom. In a moment sound sleep shut out all noise until the whistle blew at San Francisco, one o'clock at night.

When the boat stopped, it seemed like babel. The screams of the Chinamen, "Cally your baggage for nothing." The cries of hackmen, the noise and confusion of landing. Helen was glad when someone caught her arm, saying, "This way, you will stop at our hotel, we have engaged rooms for you." Looking up, she was surprised to see Donnallen Hilton, whose presence there was unexpected. He had come via Panama, and explained that he came aboard at Benicia to meet them, but her father would not permit her to be disturbed.

CHAPTER XV.

SAN FRANCISCO.

"Too late I stayed—forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours,
How noiseless falls the foot of time,
That only treads on flowers."

Spencer.

Saturday came, a beautiful smiling mid-summer day, with the pleasant breath of a sea wind blowing through the radiance of its warmth and light. Ugliness, not beauty is conceded of the approach to San Francisco. Surrounded by great sand banks and barren rocks, the city seems gloomy, the bay is most beautiful, completely land locked with a length of seventy miles, and along the coast line the scenery is ever changing and grand. The islands, too, are a picture. Ascending Telegraph Hill, nothing can surpass the beauty of the scene. The city to Helen seemed large. The houses were built chiefly of frame, owing to frequent earthquakes. The public edifices are of brick. It contains several theatres, a fine library, elegant churches, a school of fine arts, and the musical advantages were equal to those of New York City. The audience at an opera the most critical in America.

Woodward's Gardens contained a cabinet of Natural History. The city was then carrying on a trade with all nations. Anchored in her bay, were ships from all the known world. While in a ten minute's walk, you encountered the people from all strange countries in their various costumes, which made the moving throng a constant delight to Helen, who would stand at her window for hours watching the gaily dressed people pass, telling her father she would not leave until all had passed by. He smilingly replied, "It would, no doubt last until a late hour."

The time passed pleasantly. With operas where Madam La Grange excelled in *Norma*, *Somnambula*, *Traviata*, *Faust* and *Bohemian Girl*. The theatre was not finer than that at home. During the day Helen would walk about the city until weariness compelled her to return to the hotel. During her sight seeing she was much annoyed by Mr. Hilton. While gazing at some beautiful scene, or stopping to breathe the fragrance from some flower, she would hear him say, "Permit me to accompany you, I wish to show you some painting, flower or bird, which you will find interesting." He would stride along at a break neck speed, giving her only a glimpse of them, leave her abruptly and return to his business. He pursued her like her shadow, one day telling her he had followed her all day long, fearing something might happen to her.

She had noticed the moment she was interested in anything, she would hear his stealthy footsteps. Once when she called upon a friend: no sooner had the bell boy, who took her card, returned with "the lady will see you in her room," than some one remarked, "Don't remain long, I shall be pleased to show you this or that."

Helen unable to keep her temper, told him she would like to do her sight seeing without his espionage, and when there was something beautiful to be seen, would like leisure to view it. He replied "she might not see all in her few days sojourn here." Where he came from was a mystery, stroll where she would she was sure to meet him, while he called at her room twenty times a day, as his cards proved. However weary she was, he was not polite enough to go—while he insisted upon her sitting at his table and taking meals with him. No difference to him when she pleaded she was in need of repose, he said she could rest all the time, when she went aboard the steamer for New York.

Helen intended finishing her education at a Young Ladies Seminary in Philadelphia. At the close of the school year, she was pledged to marry him, providing they were still of the same mind. Meeting in California some young ladies of the college, they were mutually charmed. They urged Helen to remain with them in lovely

California. Upon finding old man Hilton's attentions tiring, and thinking a voyage under his guardian care might prove unpleasant, she determined, with the consent of her father, which was freely given, to remain. All preparations being made, she gave up her berth on the steamer, did some shopping for her friends at home, and bought such things as must be furnished by the pupils at school, packed her trunks, then saw her father off on the boat, for his return home. As they reached the door of the hotel, Mr. Hilton was waiting. "I had a few moments leisure, and will see you on the boat, then escort Miss Helen back to the hotel. Will also be pleased to go with her to the school. Will have my friends make her sojourn pleasant, and should she be ill or homesick they will be most kind to her." All the time he was speaking, Helen saw him making signs to an ill looking fellow, every time her father was engaged about his baggage which for a moment made her think of the instincts of her first interview.

Bidding her father farewell, they watched the boat, until lost to sight, then retraced their steps to the hotel. Mr. Hilton pointing out places of interest, while he informed her he should not sail on the steamer, but remain in California a few days longer. Leaving her at the door of the hotel with the information he would dine with her, then take her to the Fair, as the Governor

and staff would attend that evening. Some old friends from Benicia called, and were much disappointed in not meeting Mr. Doty. Their interview was cut short by Mr. Hilton coming in announcing dinner. With a promise to meet them at the Fair, Helen bade them adieu.

During dinner, Mr. Hilton asked Helen if she wished to travel, saying he had been thinking he had waited long for her, how devotedly he had loved her, she would never know; he feared to lose her, should he leave her there. As she was as well educated as the average young lady, she could gain knowledge and acquire a polished manner by travel. Would she not marry him then? He would arrange his business and they would "Tour the world." He had long intended doing so, but upon his engagement to her, had postponed it that she might accompany him. Helen replied, it would not be wise. While he knew her family well, she knew nothing of his, and little of him, only by correspondence and thinking of her unpleasant first impressions of him, said "that to act without sufficient thought, was often to fall into unsuspected dangers."

He deeply regretted her dislike of him, thought she was merely shy. No doubt he was so much older than she was, he inspired a little awe. Should she consent, her life would be full of pleasure. He would be so kind, he knew such boundless love as his would inspire a return. Returning to

her room he fell down upon his knees, he plead, he wept, he implored. Until finding it was in the small hours of the night, in sheer desperation she consented to marry him.

He took from his pocket a wedding ring asking her if it would fit, as he wished to procure an engagement ring. He noticed she did not wear the one he gave her. He imagined she was offended because it was not a diamond.

If she wished a diamond, she should have one. But she was aware he hated the cold flash of the jewel.

She was sorry to inform him, the pearl he gave her was paste and upon her washing her hands, it had dissolved. He was extremely sorry, the man had surely changed the ring.

Telling her now her father was gone, she must behave circumspectly, he bade her goodnight.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MARRIAGE.

Disposed to wed, e'en while you hasten, stay;
There's great advantage in a small delay;
Delay shall knowledge yield on either part,
And show the nature of the vanquished heart;
The humors, passions, merits, failings prove,
And gently raise the veil that's worn by love.

Crabbe.

Helen retired, but long ere she slept. At six o'clock Hilton rapped at her door, asking her to breakfast with him. In vain she pleaded fatigue, so hurriedly dressing, met him in the hall. He said, everything was arranged for their marriage. They took the four o'clock train for San Jose, where the marriage was to be performed by a friend of his, and give her at the same time an opportunity to see the beautiful country. The train was filled with a gay throng. There was to be a grand ball there that evening. So there were many pretty ladies with their cavaliers going to attend, and chatting, music and laughter was on all sides. Mr. Hilton left Helen for a moment. Some young girls came to

her, smiling and said, "Is the old gentleman your father?"

"No."

"Your husband?"

"No!" answered Helen, "he is my betrothed."

Then a lady some years older said, "Poor child, I pity you. Do you know, all the girls have been watching you, and are prepossessed in your favor, but they just hate the old man. Do you know, dear, when your attention was attracted by the girls, he gave you the blackest looks I ever saw. Do your friends know him, dear?"

"Yes!"

"Well he is crafty and jealous now, God pity you after he makes you his wife."

The conversation made a great impression upon Helen and when he returned she informed him the marriage should be postponed.

This he would not hear to for a moment. Saying he would not permit her to jilt him after all was prepared.

Too soon the train arrived. Mr. Hilton proposed they should go at once to the minister.

There were no wedding favors, there was nothing about them to attract the curious as they walked down the street. Helen was attired in a black silk dress. The parsonage was a pretty place, with mosses of roses and sweet cyclome, and many choice flowers. The minister Rev W—— performed the marriage ceremony.

Leaving here, a short distance from the house, was a convent. The light had scarcely died out of the sky on that fair August night, when the young moon set. From the woods of the Convent, a faint sweet sound, like the echo of a aeolian harp, reached their ears and from the fountains came a soft murmur. They stood there enjoying the perfume and sweet sounds, then walked on to the hotel, for this man of millions never once suggested a carriage.

The hotel was a beauty, just completed; tonight it was more than full. But Mr. Hilton had engaged a suite of rooms brightly lighted and brightly furnished. There was satin paper upon the walls, a gold and green dodo, some modern water-colored paintings, pretty fancy tables, low satin chairs and sofa, Japanese screens, Damask curtains over lace, a cottage piano. Throwing open the window Helen viewed the landscape, and beyond in the deep blue of the skies, the stars of Orion gleamed. She thought it a land most fair, with sunny skies and song-birds rare. Flowers of richest bloom were everywhere. Mr. Hilton coming in stood near the window, saying, "Is not this beautiful, my darling?" Then he told her of the extreme poverty of his youth, his humble home and of his mother, her sad death, how he always hung bright flowers upon the grating of the vault he built for her when he grew rich. He wished she might have lived to

know her, for she would love and welcome her as a daughter. Little did he imagine in his most extravagant dreams of occupying rooms like these. When a small boy, he thought if ever he were rich enough to buy a pound of French candy, his happiness would be complete. That his first purchase after he was successful in speculation, was the coveted sweets. He said that he had passed through rough scenes and there was a black page in his history he wished her to read that night, lest at some future day it should be told her.

She asked him, "If it was anything that would have made a difference, had she known it ere their marriage?"

He answered, "No—on my honor, no."

Then said she, "Keep the dark page to yourself, since she could not remedy—no need to think ill of him."

"Then promise me, should you ever hear aught against me, to come first to me, ere you advise with anyone else."

Helen replied, she was amazed at his conversation, began to fear his constant espionage had been to prevent any conversation in reference, to himself, lest she should have heard things not complimentary.

"Oh no," he replied, "but there should be no secrets between a man and his wife."

She answered she had none, there were no black pages in their family history.

Upon reaching San Francisco he told her time was limited and she must procure such things as she needed for the voyage to France, where they would remain some weeks, ere making their long tour. While talking, there came a rap at the door, and in walked a petite woman, blue eyed, with a cunning gleam and a walk that would make her observed. She was dressed in deep mourning, and asked for Donnallen Hilton. His face paled, but walking toward her, he said, "Madam, leave the room, this lady is not accustomed to such as you." She left the room instantly; he followed her.

Returning said, "I deeply regret this intrusion, but the creature banks with me—she called on business.

Helen replied, "She had never been deceived by her friends, and could not tell if he was deceiving her, knew there were wicked women in the world, but in what shape, had never been revealed to her. She thought that woman seemed crafty and jealous."

"No, no! You judge her wrongly, she is nothing to me, nothing." So there it ended. For the time at least. Hilton now went to his office, not returning until six o'clock. He handed her a dispatch from his brother, it read:

NEW YORK CITY,

August 25th, 1865. Ten a.m.

"Return at once, important business.

E. HILTON."

He said, "Helen, you may now prepare to remain at school. You are not to sail with me."

She protested against this, telling him it would place her in a preposterous light, should their marriage be published, which she would not permit, if she was to be left.

He replied, "Not to publish the nuptials might one day cause her great uneasiness, particularly as he was doing business with so many agents. Should aught happen to him, she might be cruelly robbed of the vast wealth that was her's by marriage."

No need to dwell upon the scene that followed, which lasted until time for early breakfast. It ended by Mr. Hilton taking Helen to the school, and revealing to the preceptress that she was his wife, and only Helen knew. He could lie and cheat with exquisite dexterity and with a smile that deceived the closest observer. Helen was introduced to the young ladies, then shown to her room, where she was to live high up in the air with matchless views of limitless horizons and mountains and valleys. After dinner she had an interview with the preceptress, who sent a messenger to say she would see her in one of the recitation rooms.

Madam said, "My dear child, it is out of the question that I should tell anyone of my interview with Mr. Hilton, it would be impossible to protect you from ridicule, should the facts become known." She advised silence, "but let your conduct be such, as to keep his esteem and completely win his confidence. And in the meantime, carry out your plan of study and improvement. Should an overwhelming sorrow be in store for you, meet it bravely." Commending her to the care of Divine Providence, and telling her always to come to her in perfect confidence. They returned to the Chapel for prayers, after which Helen retired to her room. After the goodnights were said, she read a letter handed her by the old man, when he bade her farewell.

SAN FRANCISCO, 30th.

"MY PRECIOUS WIFE.—You are not wise to deceive your mates. Tell them of our marriage and if they ridicule you, as you seem to think, wire me, don't wait to write and I'll come to you. Am sorry that I gave you no memento of me; in my hurry forgot it. God bless you, Helen.

"DONNALLEN HILTON."

Helen tore the letter into bits. Opening the window, held them out where the sea breeze blew them hither and yon. Looking up, there in the deep blue of the sky, sparkling and bright was Orion's sword and belts.

Dropping her head upon her hands, she sobbed bitterly until nearly midnight, when a heavy earthquake ended this eventful day.

CHAPTER X V I I.

AT SCHOOL.

"Out in the dark, out in the night,
Lost in the chill and gloom,
I know that the moon is shining now,
Into my darling's room."

Saturday Helen took her opera glass and watched the steamer as she sailed through the Golden Gate. Then to the study room, where two hours is devoted to study and darning, as the washing is distributed and examined, and all rents repaired ere they ascend to their rooms. No pupil is allowed to ascend the stairs without permission, only upon such hours as they belong there. There are parlors to receive guests, and the study rooms, which are lighted during the evenings--but Sunday from two until six. All young ladies are commanded to remain in their rooms. In the appearance of Helen's room, there is nothing to cause a second glance, plain white walls, a cot bed, one chair, a homely wash-stand and basin, a shade at the window, and one small trunk. But it often had floral decorations, roses, sweet peas, larkspurs, red and white carna-

tions given her by one of the lady superintendents who took a warm interest in her. From her window were seen the ivy-grown oaks, where the robins sang at night. Boughs, where the lark chanted her morning litany. This was like home.

She had decided at once upon her course of study, and began with a will. The next Friday evening, found her with some warm friends, and she looked forward to many sunny hours, and much improvement, as the teachers and professors were all first class. Every moment was occupied with school duties excepting the hour for exercise. Saturday was devoted to letter writing.

Two weeks passed and Helen received a letter, written at sea, and mailed on a passing steamer. It had been opened and read, then sealed and handed to her, the envelope still damp with mucilage.

The lady said "It is a code of the school that I am to read letters if I feel that it is expedient." It read:

PACIFIC OCEAN, September.

"MY DEAR WIFE.—I am so far on my voyage—very smooth passage and not sick an hour. Plenty of leisure to think, and each moment occupied with thoughts of you. I sit out on deck until late at night looking at the moon, for

I know it is shining right into my darling's room; and flatter myself she looks at it too, and is thinking of me.

"Have seen your white face each day, and know it was not nice of me to compel you to remain against your will, but it won't be for long, darling. You see, sort o'thought you'd better wait there until I return. Business will call me back in three months to remain a long time. The journey would be too hard for you. Twice in three months, and I could not remain long from my only love. When I think of you it seems as if I would exchange the world for you. My dearest, dearest, dearest! Be patient, you are in a nice home, just as nice as a pin. Study hard, act with firmness and prudence, and when I come back, we will take our contemplated journey around the world. Shall make all arrangements for building us a suitable mansion; on the Hudson, I guess, so it will be ready for us, when we return. I have an old couple, an aunt of mine, engaged to housekeep and tend the garden, so you will have no care. Should anything happen, or you be sick, wire me and I'll come to you at once. Hate to stop writing, it is such a joy to know you will read it, but we will soon pass the steamer. I have your picture next my heart. A thousand kisses. God bless you.

"Goodbye, your husband.

"DONNALLEN HILTON.

Helen replied at once. "Mr. Hilton, your long letter, written while afloat on the Pacific received. Am perfectly well, enjoy my studies. Had you let me come as Helen Doty, should have nothing to desire, but the situation in which your double dealing has placed me, is anything but agreeable. Have changed my room, must look far out the window, to behold Luna's fair rays; if I thought of you at all, it would be to remember your uncalled for and inhuman cruelty, which I can no more excuse than resist. From my window is a fine view of evergreen hills, which I compare with our dazzling snow-mantled Wasatch.

"While I remain here, do not again address me as your wife, to pose as a deserted wife! the humiliation would be too great, should the letters fall into other hands. This one had been read, ere it reached me; the Preceptress felt solicitude.

"Trusting you are well. Sincerely,

"H. DOTY."

The months flew by, one teacher who was fond of Helen, introduced her to her special favorites, saying they would find her an agreeable companion, though accustomed to society, she seemed older than she was. Every Friday evening, the young ladies put on their very best clothes, those who did not care for dancing,

repaired to the parlors, where they went through the form of a reception, and discussed literature or art, with the teachers, who took this means to diffuse knowledge among the pupils. Some days the girls had jolly times. What appetites they had, sometimes going down into the basement, and calling softly to Maggie, the dining-room girl, "Have you a morsel for a hungry soul?"

"The Lord save us! Get along with you. Well thin, here is the room where they lock the things; its mesilf as kapes the key. I'll turn me back; and its between yersilfs and yees conscience, if yee's stale the refrishments left from dinner. Och, ye thaivin divils! Be off wid yee. Remember now! It manes expulsion, if any of the rimints is found in yez room." She was good as gold, with a big warm heart.

During vacation, when the great building was almost empty, only a few girls from afar remaining, the Principal was most kind, doing everything to make it homelike and pleasant; while all her invitations included "The young ladies under her care." What delightful lunches and dinners they were. On a sunny day, her husband would take them to drive, where they had superb views of mountains, valleys and landscape. Then in the shelter of the shrubs on the banks of a stream, they would sit down to a delicious collation, then gather boquets of most

beautiful flowers to brighten their rooms at the college.

Sixteen months of school had passed. Donnallen's letters rang the same old refrain, "Return on the next steamer," but he never came, nor did Helen expect him. She had almost reached the end of her money and had made an engagement to teach music for fifty dollars a month, board and lodging, and to continue her musical studies with the Professor, who thought she would make a name for herself. He said she had a beautiful voice, one among thousands of all the fine voices in school, hers was the one that gave character to the singing, and in opera, if she kept her health, she would be a success. He would place her in concert among the French and German, in California, and she would obtain the means to finish in Europe. He thought with her knowledge of music, one more year with him and one in Europe would enable her to sing in a concert tour, while she was still learning the languages and grand opera. This had been the dream of her life. So she resolved to leave the school at Christmas time.

Her trunks were packed, her bills paid. She intended leaving on the next day when the principal came to her room, handing her a letter, and at the same time saying, "Mr. Hilton is in the front parlor, waiting to see you."

It is not necessary to put in print every

particular. Helen was informed by her letter from home, that Mr. Hilton had told them of his marriage and hasty summons East, how good she had been to remain at school, his time had been occupied building them a palatial residence on the Hudson River, but they would spend a year in travel ere they visited it. The superb surprise he had for her, he would reveal. But they could not help saying it was most splendid. Hilton told Helen to leave the school at once, as they would sail for France, ere the New Year. Going to the teachers to say goodbye, one said, "Helen, I saw that man who came for you. He is a wicked, wicked man. What would you say, should I tell you he made love to a beautiful woman, ran off with her, and that from that day to this, she has never been seen by her friends, nor do they know what became of her."

"Say! I say, why if I knew such an event had occurred, I would no more look at or speak to him than I would to the Arch fiend himself. Never heard of anything so horrible in my life. But we have known him for years, and this is the first time we ever heard he was not the soul of honor. You must give me proof of what you say."

"How can I?"

"By facing him. Come into the parlor and say in my presence, 'Mr. Hilton, I recognize you,' and then I will believe you."

"No, no, Helen! I cannot! I cannot!"

Leaving word for the expressman, to take her trunks, they entered the carriage. Hilton saying, "As you were disappointed when we were married, we will now make a tour of Europe, and see many distant places and interesting objects, and have a delightful year together, before we settle down to hum drum life." As they drove down the long, long lane he said, "You were long coming to me my precious wife," and turned to clasp her in an embrace.

"Not now," she replied "not until I know all. You said when we were married, there was a story in your life which I might have to know sometime. Tell it to me now, perhaps it may explain some strange rumors." Then she told him what she had heard, and that until he proved it absolutely false, she would have nothing to say to him. He turned ashen, his hands trembled, but he turned to her a sincere earnest face, saying, "My God, Helen, can you believe that, my wife, believe such a heinous report? Go back with me at once, she shall eat her words."

"Not now, we do not wish a scene. But you must clear yourself."

Before three days he gave Helen what she thought incontestable proof that he was not the person who wrecked that beautiful girl's life.

Going to the hotel, they went at once to dinner, as it was now eight o'clock. He said,

"You wrote me you had no money, but I looked in your purse and found a five dollar gold piece."

"Yes," replied she, "that is the last I have of my money. You know all my life I have wished to gather some shells, but have never been to the sea shore. Now I have been reckoning up the days until we reach Panama, where I shall at least possess five dollars' worth."

"Are you sure of it, dear?" he said, with a gleam in his eye, new to Helen but a very pleasant smile which deceived her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VOYAGE.—1867.

New City
The *Golden Gate* ^{*City*} was about to sail from San Francisco harbor. On its deck, looking earnestly towards the land, was Helen, resting mournful eyes on the fast-receding shores of beautiful Oakland. The fellow-passengers seemed interested in knowing who this one might be, and whither that one could be going, and if there were acquaintances aboard. Several came to Helen, asking if they were to be companions to New York, as many would leave at Panama.

There was much to interest one watching the busy seamen—some were reefing the top sails; some setting storm stay sails, while others every

day lowered the life boats, then securing them to the ship again, while the steamer would creak and groan and roll, and they would hasten to close the port-holes. Then there would be days with the softest skies and the sun shone down upon an ocean so calm, it was in places glassy, it was a relief to look at the distant land sometimes distinctly to be seen. She would watch the sun set, and the bright rays fade from the western horizon, then the moon and stars illumine the skies, while in the wake of the steamer, where the water boiled up into white foam, the ocean gleamed in phosphoric light. She delighted to sit there and watch the waves, but at eight o'clock Donnallen compelled her to go down into her state-room, where she could only listen to the sigh of the sea, while from the port-holes would now and then have a view of the water, white beneath the moonlight from the cloudless sky.

Passengers came aboard at Manzanillo, principal port of the State of Colima, Mexico, on a bay of the Pacific Ocean. The bay was crescent-shaped, the water as blue as the sky, but just full of sharks. Donnallen said, "Formerly it used to be dreadful there, the natives shouting, 'Dive for a dime! Dive for a dime!' and I have tossed money into the water to see them dive and come to the surface, with the loss of an arm or limb, and perhaps never come at all."

The weather was perfect. An officer stood upon the deck giving orders to the sailors, who were letting down a ladder from the deck of the ship. Then the sailors turned the steamer around (for it is a little port), and gave them time to view the strange scenes and tropical fruits and flowers. As they left could hear the natives swearing in Spanish with great vim and zest.

At Acapulco, one of the best harbors in the world, they remained several hours, and were delighted when they had permission to go ashore for a short time. Helen ran to a little church and peeped in through the window. She could see pictures, curiosities and queer relics, a pulpit in the centre, ascended by a spiral staircase, and from the inside you could see the bells—nine,—while on a table near the pulpit was a beautiful cross and silver cups and lamps.

The tropical flowers were gorgeous. Here, for the first time, she saw the "*Minosa pudica*," sensitive plant of tropical America. She wished for one to press, but the leaves would shrink and fold up when touched or jarred, so she could only admire at a respectful distance. There were the most beautiful plumed humming birds, song birds and parrots of every description.

The ladies, with their olive complexion and beautiful eyes, were dressed in pretty lawns, reclining gracefully in hammocks. A little child came near them. Helen said to Donnallen, "Esta

nina tiene una boquita muy bonita?" She heard and laughed, showing her pretty teeth. "What is your name?"

"Juanita, señora." "A doude va, señora?" "Voy a casa."

"All hands aboard!" came the call.

"Adios, señora," said the sweetest little voice. "Adios, Cara Juanita."

They were loth to leave the land, but amused themselves watching the people and the sailors. The steamer was like a small town. The people forming in cliques, there was much gossip and fun-making, while every mistake was turned into ridicule. There was a library and fine piano. The better class sang, read, chatted, walked the deck, did fancy work, ate, slept, and somehow the time passed rapidly. As they neared the southern hemisphere, they sailed under the lustrous stars of the southern cross. As they approached Panama City, at the head of the Bay of Panama, terminus of the Panama railroad, which connects it with Aspinwall, Donnallen came to the stateroom, saying, "My dear, there is no harbor for large vessels, so small steamers and lighters transfer the passengers and freight to the landing. I have arranged to go ashore in a row-boat, so put on your wrap; you need not trouble about your traps, but take your umbrella, you will need that. Oh! Hand me your purse, dear; the natives are expert pickpockets."

She, never doubting, handed it to him. Going into the boat, the sailors soon landed them. The first person she met was a Spaniard, with the most beautiful shells. She selected a pair of "strombus gigas," just perfect. Asking the price, said, "I will take them." Turning to Donnallen, "My purse, please." With an insolent leer he passed on, not deigning to reply. Taking from her finger her engagement ring, she said, "Mrs. Weston, I will give you this for the price of the shells. It is worth at least twenty dollars."

"My dear, I am sorry for you. Were I rich, would buy them for you but have at home a large family, and cannot. If I took the ring, your husband would take it from me."

Helen knew he would take it from the Spaniard, so said no more. Lady Don then purchased those, with all the choice ones he had. So Helen passed on, feeling the keenest disappointment.

Among the interesting old buildings are the cathedral, convents, and the Palace of the Audiencia. The ancient walls and fortifications which were of great strength; some of the places they could only view from the outside.

Near one old church were some native women selling tiny shell baskets. They were very, very pretty, and cost seventy-five cents. Helen, quite pleadingly, asked Donnallen for the money to

buy one. This was refused. She heard a young man remark: "I would buy one and present to her, but the old brute would take it from her." They now went aboard the cars, the railway by the valley of the River Chagres, across the isthmus, is by a pass only 263 feet above tide-water. February was a dry month, and the weather fair but exceedingly warm. A most interesting journey. As they left the cars Donnallen said imperatively, "Go to the hotel and remain until we go aboard the *Henry Chauncy* and Mr. Weston respectfully requested his wife to remain with her. Mrs. Weston had crossed the isthmus several times when the journey was difficult and dangerous, all the way upon mule back. She said, "As we are to remain here until our husbands permit us to leave, I will tell you of some of the journeys." She was a Bostonian, who married Captain Weston of the army, just after graduating, they made the tour of Europe, then came to the gold fields of California. Her life read like a romance. They passed the time pleasantly, until the husbands came, took them into the dining-room for a dish of tea, ere they went aboard the steamer.

Upon reaching her state-room, which was small, the steamers on this side not being nearly as large as on the Pacific, Donnallen handed her the purse, with the command "To give the five dollars to the stewardess, it would be very rough sailing and she

would possibly spend the ten days in her room." Upon her bed was a large bunch of bananas, he said he had the boy examine it carefully lest a poisonous insect or scorpion should be upon it.

She replied, she had been in such an atmosphere of venom, she was impervious to the scorpion's sting.

It was rough indeed and intensely cold. She suffered so it was wearing upon her, and Donnal-len bitterly (so he said) regretted his not giving her a warm wrap. But he was from custom so used to driving a bargain. All he thought was how much could be saved by waiting until the spring sale in New York City.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SURPRISE.

"Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs."

Goldsmith.

They arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. But Helen was too ill to sit up. However, Mr. Hilton compelled her to visit the dressmaker, saying, after giving orders, the dresses could be tried on at the rooms. They stopped at Stewarts, where he purchased two silk dresses. Then he took her to her room, a small one on the top floor. He left, telling her he was going to see

the boys, but would send a doctor to her, an old friend of his.

Dr. Ward called, saying he thought she had a chill, which was evident, as she could not speak for shaking. She had better retire, drink a little whiskey; she would get warm, and be all right. She remained in such suffering she prayed to die.

After ten days Hilton returned; said they would go to the Everett House, where she could have an inside room on the second floor, which would be warmer. He then called an eminent physician, whose office was in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, who said her system had sustained such a shock from the cold that she would have a long and painful illness. Had she been a man, full of life and vigor, he would have warranted death inside of three days; but a woman, and a baby would endure everything. He was a very old man, and most kind to Helen.

The summer came ere she could walk, and then only a short distance. She could not help asking Hilton how much he had saved, as the doctor's fees would have provided her with every luxury. He called once in a while to bring her letters, saying he looked upon those visits as melancholy occasions. He could not remain in such close quarters without endangering his health; but so soon as she was well he would be pleased to give her every attention.

One summer evening he came saying if she

could sit up for dinner, he would take her to see the Western Sisters in "East Lynne," and the next day they would take a little jaunt into the country to see some old friends of his, who would be delighted to make her acquaintance.

Next morning they took the early train for Niagara Falls. Helen was very weary, but, in spite of her illness, could not help feeling cheerful. The day was bright and sunny. It was a blessed relief to leave the dark, ill-smelling bedroom, for it was poorly ventilated, and, but for the kindness of the chambermaid, she, no doubt, would never have left it alive.

As Helen viewed the varying scenes, her exclamations of delight were so frequent that Mr. Hilton requested her to enjoy them in silence, lest people imagine she never saw anything before.

Arriving at the Falls, they went to the Cataract Hotel.

Every American is familiar with the Falls, so remarkable for volume, grandeur and beauty. This year the favorite summer resort of the aristocracy, or rather of polite American society—Long Branch—had been given up to a class more remarkable for vast wealth than for elegance and refinement. The hotel was fine. The time passed delightfully, and the constant roar of the water was restful to Helen.

The next day they passed at Buffalo. The following they continued their journey to a town

on Lake Erie. It was a perfect evening; there was scarcely a ripple upon the surface of the lake, so beautifully blue. The air was sweet; the green lawns extended to the water's edge; the houses were very pretty, and the windows sparkled from the reflection of the setting sun. All these things appealed strongly to her imagination. She turned to Donnallen, telling him to gaze upon the delightful scene, when, instead of him, there stood a woman at her side, looking at her with glittering snake's eyes.

"Pardon me, madam, I thought you were my husband," said Helen.

"Your husband! Don't flatter yourself; he is not your husband. In New Hampshire, near the White Mountains, he has a wife and lovely children, and they live in great splendor."

Helen was dumbfounded. Before she could speak, Donnallen called her to a carriage and they were driven rapidly to a hotel. Going to their room, Helen repeated the woman's statement. He turned ashen gray, but said, "Do not be silly; it is only a similarity of name."

"If it is true," said Helen—and you know whether it is true or not—if it is true, it is a dreadful thing, and you should be dropped by honest men."

He replied, "As I hope for mercy, it is false. I have no wife but you, Helen, no one on earth whom I ever loved but you and my mother."

He sobbed, then after a few moments spoke: "I ought to have more self-command; I am ashamed of my weakness, but I was unnerved by the thought that my wife doubted my honor."

The next day Mrs. Otis called upon Helen, and said, "Forgive me, I am sorry for what I said. My statement was not all true. I was jealous, and glad when I looked at you and saw your face white as if chiseled in marble. There were no tears, and I knew the blow had struck too hard to be eased by weeping. But when I went home, and at bedtime undressed my children, and they knelt at my knees to say their prayers, I could not see them, for your eyes were looking into mine. I was frightened and full of remorse. I wished to come to you and make it plain, but my husband will not permit me to explain, and I am afraid to disobey him. Don't think of it again. Where are you from? You must have had a varied experience. Did you like Utah?" Then she said: "I am acquainted with suffering. Come with me to the cemetery, there I will show you my sorrow. See this diamond?"

"Yes," said Helen.

"Well, your husband gave me that. Years ago," said she, "I was a sewing girl and resided in——. I earned a good living, as all my time was occupied at the richest homes. I met Mr. Otis. He courted and married me. As we left

the altar he informed me he would leave in one hour on the sailing vessel—, for California; that I must remain working at my trade until I had enough money to join him. So I sewed on for one year, telling no one how grieved I felt, as, had I dreamed I was to remain, should not have married him. Well, I took that long voyage alone, and after we sailed through the Golden Gate, as the steamer neared the wharf, I looked in vain for my husband; he was not there. It was a city of canvas, and while I pondered what I was to do, feeling lonely and home-sick, a young man, handsome as wax, approached me. Calling me by my given name, handing me a letter, with the information my husband was working at Sacramento, and would not come for me for at least three months, I was to remain under his care until then. During those months Donnallen Hilton was most kind to me, often spending five dollars for a little jar of jam, which he would refuse to taste, lest I should not feel satisfied. When this little girl was born he named her, and took sole charge of her and me. She was a beauty, and bright, and he worshiped her. When she died at the age of six years he came here, selected the pleasantest and sunniest spot in this beautiful cemetery, and placed over her grave this graceful marble urn. Here is the letter his brother Edward wrote me after we laid her to rest. It is all about angels and heaven.

Your husband has never refused me anything in his life, and my husband has never spoken one pleasant word, or spent one penny on my wardrobe in his life. He married me that I might support him, and he has looked to it that Mr. Hilton has kept his vow. That is the reason I hated you and determined to make you feel sorrowful. Now I am sorry. Forgive me, will you? And remember whatever I did, my husband compelled me to do."

"From my heart I pity you," said Helen. "I can no more understand such things than I can understand a person guilty of such excesses and devoid of the shame to hide them."

She burst into tears and bade her remember those blessed words, "Neither do I condemn thee."

Helen asked her what she knew of Mr. Hilton's past.

"I know only the bright side, yet he seems to have lived two lives," she replied. "I dare not tell you. He is now rich and evidently feared, while not even the most inquisitive presume to question him; he is so harsh and forbidding, with his iron-gray hair, and the deep curves and lines that age and remorse, perhaps, have stamped upon his face. But his past is wicked, and he has broken many hearts. There was Mrs. Haven, a beautiful bride of a young lawyer in San Francisco. He persuaded her to run away with him, and in six months he wearied of her. She

died in his arms at the Astor House, New York, imploring him to repent of his sins, and he promised. He buried her in Greenwood Cemetery, and placed a beautiful granite slab over her grave, where long since she has been forgotten. I know this to be true, for in that room was a woman who folded her hands and closed her eyes after Hilton laid her head down upon the pillow. No one knows just how he made his start in life, but it was believed he got in with pirates at the time the Carribbean Sea was infested with them. He made his money all in a minute; then returned from the West Indies laden with the fruit of the looms, his pockets full of diamonds; this is one of them. He gave them to his friends like they were pebbles; but for all that no club in New York City would admit him; but that was best, for he was happiest with his circle of boys. Well, I suppose you have bushels of diamonds, have you not?"

"No," replied Helen, "I have not one."

CHAPTER XX.

NEW YORK CITY.

Oh, sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,
In morning soft with May;
Oh, silver-clear the waves that flow,
Reflecting heaven, away!

Bulwer Lytton.

They now returned to the hotel, Mrs. Otis leaving Helen at the door. Mr. Hilton was waiting for her, saying they would leave on the morrow; business called him to Rome. Then they would go to Saratoga Springs, and spend a few days, as she would see much there to amuse and interest her.

She, upon reflection, decided not to mention the conversation with Mrs. Otis at the grave in the cemetery, but judged it best to allow a broad reservation for all her remarks, as she had acknowledged misrepresenting, and if in the past he had been such an unprincipled rogue, that no doubt, accounted for the rumor of his wives. She was full of trouble and perplexity. Mr. Hilton soon settled this. Upon reaching Rome, he introduced her to his solicitor, who was a very genial, suave gentleman, short and rotund, light complexioned.

He looked up at you sideways, like a little canary bird. He was sharp, too. He said, "Madam Hilton, your duty to your husband must come first, and a woman who will listen to aught against him is not a good woman."

Those people she had encountered were, as Lord Chesterfield said, "After their friendship, there is nothing so dangerous as to have them for enemies." They hated an honest woman with the deadliest hatred; their life and actions were ignoble, and love, which the inspired poets of all ages have celebrated as the sweetest and noblest passion on earth, they could not understand.

After chatting upon the topics of the day with Donnallen, this gracious gentleman left for New York City. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Hilton left for Saratoga. The hotel was crowded with well-dressed people. Each individual seemed anxious to excel in the variety, costliness and beauty of her gowns and jewels. They were courteous to strangers, and seemed willing to associate with any person who observed the rules of polite society. There were elegant drives, and the beauty of the natural landscape was embellished by objects of ornament. The air was fresh and fragrant from flowers. Time passed pleasantly, and Donnallen looked everywhere until he found where he could buy some jasmine, telling Helen how he used to look

for it in the spring to surprise his dear mother with a bouquet of the beautiful white blossoms. From here they spent a day at Albany, then back to New York City. Donnallen was all devotion now, and just lavished everything (excepting diamonds) upon Helen, expressing deep contrition for every wound he had given her. He said, "In fact, I think I'm clever and have made up handsomely all around. I never valued anything on earth after I possessed it, but you have taught me to value you."

During the fall they traveled much. Wherever business called him he took her with him. During leisure time he planned little tours to places of interest, and to large cities, carefully explaining the architecture, works of art, and historical associations.

They went often to Washington, D. C., and once in six weeks, without variation, to Boston, Mass., where he had stores and much money lent, they always stopped at the Revier House, where the second day he would leave her, going, he said, to his marble quarries in Vermont, to pay off his men and arrange for shipping, being absent just four days.

He was always sad upon his return, saying, "I am so tired, dear, so tired!"

"Why do you come here first and do all the hard work in one trip? and why not allow me to go with you?"

"It is up in the hills, dear, and you would not care to go."

They always returned to New York City at night. But going to Boston was pleasant; most of the journey was by daylight, and she could view the beautiful, shifting scenery, which seemed ever new. Hilton listened with wrapt attention to every word she said. He, too, loved that journey, although when he traveled alone he usually slept. He told her when the warm weather came he should bring her by the boat, stopping at Newport. He was also most kind to bring her bouquets of wild flowers from Vermont, saying, "I never see them but I think of you, in your Western home, my sweet wild rose."

One day as they stood at the window viewing the moving panorama on Broadway, seeing a squad of police passing by, she said, "Do you see that tall one? Well, when I was so ill and so much alone, I remembered that man, and decided if ever I needed a friend, to make that policeman my confidant, a resolve I came near carrying out one day, believing there was no better choice."

"My God!" exclaimed Donnallen, "if you had! Do you know who he is? He is the chief of police. I'll tell you why you thought you'd trust him: in that tall, perfect figure, in those exquisite curves of his back, in that long beard and those piercing eyes, you saw a strong

resemblance to your father. I have noticed it. But you will never go to him, darling! Remember in every circumstance in life your husband is your truest friend, and he is perfectly capable of advising you. Remember your vow—'love, honor, and obey.'"

His face had grown white, and he sat down resting his head on his hand, was silent until she said "Donnallen, the sun shines warm and bright. Come, we will walk, and slowly, too, that I may look at the attractive windows and see what is new and pretty."

"Yes, put on your hat. We will dine at Delmonico's; then go to see Owen in 'Solen Shingle.' I love the play. Do you know, once I had an old friend who acted and talked and looked as Owen does in that play. It brings it all back again."

"Well, is my hat on straight? See, the gloves you bought me are a size too small and very tight. Is the play a sad one?"

"No."

"Then why do you look so mournful?"

They went to Baltimore for a week. Helen had friends there. One day when she was calling on one of them, she met a charming lady, a member of the best society, whose daughter was a belle. During the conversation she said, "Mrs. Hilton, I saw you yesterday with James Donnallen, a liquor prince of New Orleans. Do you

know he is a married man? He has a wife and three children."

"What, again! Surely it must be a mistaken identity. That man is my husband, and his name is Donnallen Hilton. He is a banker in New York City. If he was ever engaged in the liquor traffic I am not aware of it. There is a liquor store under his bank, but he told me with perfect frankness it was not his."

No more was said upon the subject.

When Helen arose to leave, the lady came to her, and kissing her upon the cheek, said, "God keep you, my child, in all your ways."

Upon reaching her hotel, she told Mr. Hilton of the liquor prince of New Orleans. He said, "Is it possible? Extraordinary! I must bear a strong resemblance to the man."

The round of pleasure and amusement lasted until near the holidays, when Mr. Hilton began to spend his leisure hours with the boys, as he said. He would be absent days at a time, often saying, "I will be home for dinner," be absent a week, and she with only some small change in her pocket. She used to go hungry and suffer with cold. Christmas and New Year came and passed, the dullest she had seen in all her life. She was not cheered by a familiar face, nor was she allowed five cents to dispense to some poor people, who had always looked forward to aid and comfort from her.

His neglect increased, and sometimes she did not see him only when the time came for the Boston trip, and he was very ill-tempered. This state of affairs continued until spring. Helen's health began to fail, so she sought a boarding place in the country. She had been careful of her health, but she gained no strength in the city. Mr. Hilton soon compelled her to return, saying he could not endure life without her, time was so heavy.

Edward said she must return. She was the only restraint upon Donnallen's excessive meanness. He said to Helen, "He is not meaner to you than me, and he is a hog. I have such vast wealth that I must employ six men to help me manage it, and he will quarrel with me if I spend fifty cents, or rest from the business one half-day. But don't you go without anything. Come to me if he won't let you have what you want, and I will give you the money if he is too stingy. Have what you want if it costs thousands; he is able and so am I. You have been the best medicine we ever had. Now don't be weary in well-doing."

She returned to find a large room at the hotel, cool and pleasant, a sofa, and upon a small table some books. The room had large, French windows, where she could sit and look upon crowded Broadway, and the shifting throng that passed to and fro. He had bought three

new dresses, and had them ready to finish after once trying on, a new trunk to put them in, a handsome lace cape, and many pretty gloves and handkerchiefs.

With protestations of future devotion, all was again serene.

He informed her a friend of his "up country," Mr. Bracket, had made a mint of money and was building a smashing big house; had written for him to select furniture, paintings and everything. You see he banks with us. Now I have no time to run about. So you must do that. Each day take a few hours and look in Ball and Black's store. Up stairs they have furniture, paintings, works of art, etc. Select what you think pretty, no matter as to price. Ask for a refusal, then I'll go with you, and if fine enough will purchase. Be sure and take notes. Today we will go to Ball and Black, that I may give you an idea of what he wishes. He is fond of a rose-hued light, so look at the carpets that are wreathed with flowers and buds, so natural that a fellow will hesitate to advance for fear of crushing them."

"I understand he wishes rare gems of art, and to spare no expense; but wishes nothing sombre."

"That is just it."

The first thing she selected was a magnificent set of ebony. He thought it was in awful poor taste; couldn't see what made it cost so much.

"But, Donnallen, you don't want everything gorgeous."

She saw a beautiful cuckoo-clock, which he bought, handing the man a card with orders to pack with care and send to that address. Next he bought a gem of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that had been the property of some wealthy person who had failed; a superb statue of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, in chains of purest Carrara marble; then an elegant bedroom set, costing eight hundred dollars.

They now went to dinner. Donnallen's face just wreathed in smiles. Helen remarked he could not feel happier had those costly things been for himself.

"Well, dear, I am so pleased with you, you do everything so gracefully. I'm sure Bracket will be more than gratified, and it is our business, love, to please our customers."

Very soon after this he told her business called him away. He should be absent six weeks. She sat reading a day or so after he left, when the door suddenly opened and he entered the room. She looked up, saying quietly, "You have returned sooner than you expected?"

"Yes, I found it necessary to return, as I have attended to the business. Decided to spend the night at home. The fact is, darling, I am in great trouble. If you were not reticent, would not trust you; but it is such a relief. I

have three heavy law-suits, and of course cannot tell the result. But I pay Edwards ten thousand a year, and he is cheap at that. Last year there were no suits, but this time just one will cost \$30,000. Edward must take two, the third, have sent for Judge Bridgewood. He is sharp, and can trust him to pull through."

"What is the matter? Have you spent Mr. Bracket's money too freely?"

"No, no! Nothing to do with that. Nothing you can understand."

"Then why speak of it?"

"Oh, a man in business is always in trouble."

Nevertheless, he would come in, sit down, and forbid Helen to speak; rest his head upon his hand, while the perspiration would run off his forehead; and if a knock came he would jump off his seat, once hiding under the bed.

She said to him, "You are certainly bereft of reason. Do you imagine if any one wished to find you, they would fail, when you are at your bank every day?"

"Don't, don't speak of it."

Months passed. She was virtually a prisoner, fearing to leave the house lest he should come home and be annoyed. She never knew—at least not then—what the trouble was all about; but knew it was grave; for he was blessed with an excellent appetite, and when it was moderate she

knew he was downcast. One day he came in, saying, "It is all settled, and in my favor; but never speak of it; let me forget it all."

CHAPTER XXI.

JERSEY.

After all those misunderstandings and trials, he now decided upon a retreat in the country, to take himself from temptation. He, therefore, attended to everything himself, looking for weeks, then purchased an unpretentious house in Elizabeth, New Jersey. No. 22 was furnished neatly and prettily, but inexpensively. He did not select anything fine, but took great pride in some things that had been his mother's, which he would rather see there than the most luxurious things. He liked a modest apartment, with the furniture old-fashioned. The rooms were all carpeted with a dark-green Brussels, with deep red roses, like the one in the hotel at San Jose. The front room was decorated with photographs in narrow black and gilt mouldings. On the mantle was a large brass clock, such as was in vogue in France so long ago. When Helen would lift the glass to wind it he would tremble

with anxiety lest she should break the glass or scratch or mar the clock.

One day when talking of his home, he said, "I had an ambitious idea early in life. It was to join General Winfield Scott, whose acquaintance I made in 1840-41, when he was engaged in Maine during the disputed territory controversy. When in 1846 he was ordered to Mexico I was wild to go; but father would not let me, and I was not quite twenty-one. To this day I hold it against him. I believe I could have distinguished myself, but father was determined I should be rich. When I look at that clock those old dreams return to me. It is one I purchased for mother when fortune first smiled upon me, and when you handle it so carelessly it hurts me, as if it were a living thing."

Helen replied she would dust it with extreme care, and he could wind it in the future. When absent, it should remain silent. She could do very well with her watch.

He smilingly thanked her, saying again it made him sorrowful that his mother could not know and love her. Then he would tell what an accomplished housewife she was. Every loaf of bread had to be accounted for; there was no waste. Upon a small income they lived and saved a handsome competence. She could make an excellent dinner upon just such things as she had in the house. Her aim and ambition was to save. Helen must learn to

be like her. She could have eight dollars a month for a scullery maid, and do the rest herself. When he was absent, her expenses would be light. There was nothing like a simple diet for good health. In the larder was bacon, mackerel and beans. She would require little else. And looking into the girl's eyes, with a smile half-fond, half-quizzical, "As you were wretched in large hotels, you may now be quite independent and happy."

A look defiant and contemptuous came into her dark-blue eyes; but the conversation was now interrupted by callers, who came to make their acquaintance. Donnallen introduced himself under a false name. He was sweet and gracious to them, bidding them come as often as they liked, while Helen was silent with indignation.

Soon they left. As the door closed upon them Helen, whose voice is exceedingly winning, now became sharp and imperious in reproof, and with a dangerous gleam in her eyes she exclaimed, "Donnallen, will there ever come a time when we shall live without playing a part? You are always pretending. Why can you not be natural as other people are?"

He was furious, but kept his temper, replying, "I have no leisure for argument now. I am going to Washington, D. C. If anything should

happen while I am away, wire me at Willards. Farewell."

She was obliged to obey his commands, for which she felt the greatest contempt; but she looked forward to days of less monotony.

When Donnallen returned he repented of his falseness, and explained his reason for an assumed name that he often registered so, owing to the fact that he carried so much money if people knew him they might rob him."

She replied she had no way of hearing the other side of the matter; her knowledge of him was always one-sided and rough.

He laughed immoderately at this, saying after banking hours it happened that men would leave with him large sums for deposit. Should anything happen to it, they would accuse him of dishonor. All of which she knew to be true, having several times witnessed such transactions. Still the impressions his conduct made upon her were not pleasant. But she had known other very honorable men travel incognito, when obliged to carry large sums of money.

Hilton now determined to live a peaceful, honorable life, saying a life such as his past was full of regret and emptiness. When he looked back upon it he felt as he did when a boy upon passing an empty house—scared as if something was after him. He would think the old place haunted, and run. He now intended giving his

evil associates a wide berth. Some of them were so wicked it would make her hair stand on end, should he tell her things he had seen them do. She need never ask him of his friends, for, save his brother, sister, and Bill, he should renounce them all. She was not desirous of knowing them, and very glad to be well rid of them.

One day Helen complained of loneliness at the home, so Donallen told her when he returned from his office he would bring her a companion or two. Next evening he returned with a large handbox, which contained a kitten, and on the following evening with a cute little Newfoundland puppy. Both were interesting, just large enough to scamper all over the house and get into all kinds of mischief. The dog hated Donallen with all his dog nature.

Donnallen was now all devotion, and the neighbors said they knew he was always glad to come home, his eyes sparkled so, and he walked so rapidly from the train, while his face just beamed with gladness when he approached the house. Her life was very quiet only interrupted with journeys to Wasington, D. C., and the one every six weeks to Boston.

Upon no consideration would he excuse her from that trip.

Once he forgot her, and she was left without money. She wrote him. He replied "It is so terrible, my darling, to think you should want

money while I have more than I know how to spend. You must not deny yourself anything. Remember all that is mine is yours, or will be at my death;" but the check was omitted and Helen had to wire for money.

One evening, at the cottage, after a quiet tete-a-tete dinner, he joined her on the terrace walk. The ruddy harvest moon was high in heaven; the purple-grey mists of an early autumn night beginning to shroud the town. The air was chilly; the stars had a frosty lustre in them.

He came out here as he was sure of quiet and no listener. He was a man of pronounced character, but not well educated, so among cultured men he appeared to disadvantage. He could not tell all he knew; but he was a good listener, and when he caught an idea he would say, "Be sure you are right and go ahead." He told Helen that Bill and some other friends were telling him not one man in millions had his chance, and he was a fool to let it slip. There was not a shadow of chance for detection. What did she think of it?

She replied it was infamous, and no one was his friend who proposed such a scheme. They had some selfish motive, and to comply with it would bring him to sorrow and ruin. He would quickly find they would tell on him, just as soon as they had opportunity.

"I know, my darling, the odds are against me; but I'll chance it."

"Better not for your own peace of mind."

"You would not betray me, would you, dear? Surely you would stand by me?"

"I should not betray you, but would never assist you. You are wrong to listen to such propositions. Be warned in time. The man you say will see you through if influential, is a very poor man, and will make much of it. Remember that, Donnallen. And is the peaceful beginning of our home so soon to be interrupted by a return to your old haunts and favorite boys?"

"No, no, Helen! But there is a rebellion among them. They insist I must now give myself up to pleasures or the pink-skinned girl will soon have me saying my prayers; but I am as firm as granite in my resolve never to return to that dissipated life."

"How do you know your special friends are not equally treacherous, and by listening to them you may be shipwrecked?"

"They are all under obligation to me, and have always thought so much of me; there is a golden bond of friendship between us."

"Don't rely too much upon their gratitude. I believe you are surrounded by danger."

"Not at all," he replied, "and as we are

old, we will just settle down in our dear little home and enjoy life."

Helen replied she was not as old as the hills, being in reality not twenty-three years, and she proposed to see much of the great world he had been so anxious she should see. Callers came and cut short their tete-a-tete.

He received them with smiling grace, and was very popular, for he could change his views to suit the many conditions in which he was placed, and although a member of no religion, he was Episcopal, Baptist, or Lutheran, if his guests were of that persuasion.

Helen remonstrated with him, saying, "You should not tell such things; you will feel greatly mortified when you are exposed, as you are sure to be."

He replied he would chance it. He had no doubt but he was a greater favorite than she, who despised a lie, so would not assume a character. She must know people only joined a church for popularity; then why not be popular with all the friends? One evening, however, he told a Methodist lady all his family were Methodists, when a Presbyterian said, "Why, Mr. Hilton, I thought you were all Presbyterians." The scamp, smiling sweetly, said, "No, I never said it. You heard wrong. It is my wife's family that are all blue Presbyterians. They all live out here in Oakfield, New York."

He did not hesitate to clear himself at the expense of a friend.

When they left, he called Helen into the dining-room and remarked, "I don't like neighbors, and friends make trouble. I wish they would stay away. When my day's work is done, it is a joy to come home, and I want you all to myself. Perhaps I am a little vain in thinking my society ample recompense for your friends, and, dear, you have been accustomed to dancing; I was not brought up to it, and request you never again to join in the dance." Helen replied she would make no such promise; but her strength was not sufficient for the exercise, so she would never ask him to take her to a ball.

"I know you will keep that promise. Now, you must make me another. It is that you never touch the piano, nor sing, only at my request."

She answered, "You have asked a very hard thing. I love the piano as if it were a living person. Ever since a small child I have had music, and in sorrow or joy the instrument responded to my touch. You have taken from me everything I care for. You refuse to attend the opera, as you prefer to hear a pig squeal to the singing. You hate a tragedy, as you wish after business hours to laugh. You dislike a concert, if any instrument is played but the banjo. You detest driving, and need the exercise

of a brisk walk. You force me to eat the kind of food you like, it being too much trouble and expense to order such a variety. You deprive me of every amusement, under some pretence. I think my feelings should be considered once in a while, and I mean they shall be, or we will part company. I will return to my father's home. Since you are absent so much, I shall not miss you at all."

He stopped smiling, and said, "No, no. You would not for a moment think of leaving your home and me. I should indeed miss you if we were separated by many miles. You are not very flattering to me, darling. But if I have been selfish will be so no more. Will not allow you to remain in seclusion, but will attend such places of amusement as please you."

She replied if the plays and operas were irksome to him, she would attend the matinee, if he would allow her the money."

"Oh, no! That I will not allow. If you attend at all, it will be in company."

CHAPTER XXII.

AT HOME.

Before the early rays of morn
Dispel the gloom and bring us dawn,
My heart ascends to Father's throne,
And all His love and mercies own.
I thank Him for this night of rest
And that through all my life He's blest
And watched o'er me, with tender care,
And heeded every earnest prayer.

E. R. Shipp.

A few days after the conversation recorded in the last chapter, Mr. Hilton informed Helen business in California would require his attention for the next four months. Fearing she would feel lonely, he had written her sisters and eldest brother to come and spend the winter with her. They replied that only one of the girls would arrive, as her mother would be lonely with both absent. He had written them to start at once, and sent the boy a pass. They were to remain in Denver until he arrived, as they would need a rest. The stage route was very rough, and he could see them safely on their way, and direct them about change of cars. They could take a sleeper after leaving Omaha,

but a day or so spent in Chicago would please and rest them. He would wire her just when to expect them, and as they would arrive very early in the morning, it would not be necessary to go into New York City. She could meet them at the little railway station at Elizabeth. He would be minute in his instructions, and assured her they would arrive safe and well.

She was glad they were coming, and told him so.

Giving her directions about everything in the house, how to turn on the gas, and tell how much she had burned during the month, he instructed her about all the bills she must pay monthly. How to prevent the furnace from burning the floor, as it was very large, and there was danger that one of the pipes might become too hot. The furnace was only a yard from the dining-room floor; what plants must be taken up and placed in the cellar and others must be covered with straw. She herself must attend to the marketing, and see that the house was securely locked and the gas all turned off at night.

The next week he bade her adieu and started westward, writing her morning, noon and night, and sent three dispatches ere he reached Denver. From there he wrote, giving her directions about going up to the Union Railroad Depot, providing there was any delay, and telling her

only to attend matinees, if they went to the theatre or opera, as he would not feel that she was safe around the ferry so late at night; but if she would take a maid who was familiar with the city, they might go one night to the opera, but must leave just before the close in order to catch the last boat.

During the two weeks ere they arrived she had three girls; one was a maniac, the other would get intoxicated, the third was so untidy she dismissed her and remained alone.

Writing her trials to Donnallen, he expressed the deepest sympathy, and regretted leaving her until they had come, but trusted their presence would solace her. Early one morning they came. Both were much fatigued, but enjoyed the journey. There had been pleasant company and many amusing incidents. Sam had been taught that "Honesty is the best policy," and refused to say his name was "Bill Adams," consequently he did not use the pass but his own money, several hundred dollars, which was quite a disappointment to him, as he had expected to purchase many fine things with that sum.

Time passed rapidly enough now. They were agreeably entertained with books, music, company and conversation of a lively nature, attending receptions, and on Thanksgiving day listening to a sermon by Dr. Talmage.

Every steamer from California brought four

or five letters, and each day came one on the overland route from Mr. Hilton, who could not let a day pass without writing. Each moment when not occupied was filled with longing for home.

March came, and with it Donnallen. Several weeks were passed in travel, with a week in New York City devoted to sight-seeing. They attended the Grand Opera, hearing Parepa-Rosa's glorious voice in the "Barber of Saville," and Wollach's Theatre, Gallery of Art, and all places of interest. Then the children returned home, with the promise that Donnallen and Helen would come on the first through train that was to drive the gold and silver stake uniting the Union and Central Pacific.

Soon after they left, quite a number of Helen's friends came to New York City. She wished to entertain them. This he refused to permit, saying her acquaintances were so numerous it would be like keeping public house. If she began, she could not draw the line.

"Very well," said she. "I think you should remember that hospitality is a duty, and you cause me great humiliation when you slight and treat with disrespect a guest of mine."

"Well," replied he, "I never could endure company, and will not begin now."

The next day he told her to go to the St. Nicholas hotel, and receive her friends. Mr.

and Mrs. Grimm had requested an interview. Invite them to dine with us there, and if you choose invite them to the theatre and opera. She told him Mr. Grimm was a theatrical manager, and wherever he went was given a pass to all places of amusement.

She went at once to the city, sending her card to her friends, all of whom called on her, and Mr. and Mrs. Grimm, came in the evening.

"How do you like New York City?" inquired Mr. Grimm, as they seated themselves in the parlor.

"Oh, not at all! I think it is a desolate place, I am sure you will think so, too, if you walk out amidst the throng of people, and see no familiar face, for to meet a friend on Broadway, is the exception, and not the rule."

"Yes," said Mr. Grimm, "there is no wilderness so dreary as a wilderness of people."

"Well," said his wife, "I hate it so far and everything in it. My dreams were so beautiful, and I have seen nothing yet to equal my expectations."

Helen opened her eyes in unbounded astonishment, while Mr. Grimm smiled quietly.

Helen broke the silence by asking, "What she had seen, and if she was fond of pictures?"

Replying that she was, they arranged for a drive through the Park and a morning at the "Gallery of Design."

They urged Helen to return to Utah with them, her husband promised her that she might go. But changed his mind, telling her he was sorry he consented, as he intended taking her himself in May, 1869, when they would drive the golden stake. He did not think it would look well for her to return home without him, after an absence of more than three years. He would join their party and go out in September, but could not, so she must wait until spring."

' She and Mrs. Grimm visited some friends near Long Branch, and went yachting.

Then Helen bade them "Bon voyage," and returned home.

Mr. Hilton, had arrived and lighted up the house, was standing at the window waiting for her. The servant had not returned. He had broiled the chicken; baked the potatoes, set the table nicely, all was ready for dinner, but the coffee, as he had fruit for dessert. While at dinner he asked Helen if she believed prayers were ever answered. She always said hers, but that was only a habit he imagined.

She had no doubt but that earnest prayer was answered, hers had been often. Well she remembered a time, when she could not have been more than four years of age. Her nurse was a beautiful girl, and went much into society. You could not tell a gentleman or a lady by their occupation, those days. There was an excur-

sion into the country, and that her nurse might attend, her mother told the girl and man servant to remain at home and take care of her, and left some goodies to be given her at intervals during the day. No sooner were they well out of sight, than those two ate all her dainties, shut her out of the house, and left the premises for a day out, leaving her alone in a neighborhood surrounded by Indians and many dangers. She sat on the door-step, with her hands to her eyes and the tears trickling through her fingers, then she grew angry and stamped, soon the ants in a bed near her, attracted her attention; she watched them for a time, thinking how marvelous they were, when a gentle breeze rustled the leaves in the tree tops. She had a quick ear for music, and in the silence as she listened caught the softest tone. Lifting her eyes away from the tree tops up to the skies, God came into her heart, and she knew her Maker. She was no longer afraid, or angry, but sang with the birds, and watched the wonderful little beavers build their dam. No Indian passed by, although it was their custom to tramp through the premises several times a day. When she was older and read the Bible, she knew what it meant by, "There shall no evil happen unto thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling, for he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

CHAPTER XXIII.

GOING TO THE WESTERN HOME.

To us in despite of the absence of years,
How sweet the remembrance of home still appears;
From allurements abroad, which but flatter the eye,
The unsatisfied heart turns, and says with a sigh,
Home, Home, sweet sweet Home.

J. H. Payne.

Donnallen Hilton was rather shabby in his dress, and never fashionable. His collar was always the same style, his necktie an old-fashioned black cravat, but in his shirt bosom he always wore three tiny enameled studs with a cluster of diamond clippings. Around his neck a plain watch chain, that had been his fathers.

After an absence of several days he came home early in the evening. He wore a well worn brown coat, a slouched hat, under his left arm a pistol, from under his coat at the back of his neck a Spanish stiletto, fastened to his belt was a tiny poinard sharp as a razor. He carried an old carpet sack that contained \$10,000. For a moment Helen did not recognize the hard, stern, cruel, tyrannical face. When she did she burst into tears, she was horrified, she had seen

robbers and knew their chieftain^{er} was often a man in the best circles of large cities, a sort of silent partner, and in a moment judged he was such.

He asked her what was the matter, smiling, which made a strange contrast to the harsh forbidding expression of a moment before.

She explained, he laughed immoderately at the imputation, and said that he had been to his country stores, and this money was his share of the profits after he had settled with his agents. He wore the old clothes and carried the old carpet sack so no one would imagine he had so much money, and the weapons were carried in case of emergency. This convinced her and the subject was dropped.

Soon after this, a man came to the house making inquiries about some friend whom he had been informed lived in that vicinity. He had been absent for years and having a few days of leisure would be pleased to find them. Helen could not aid him, but she noticed the man eyed her like a hawk. She watched him after he left and felt sure he was a detective. A day or so after this, they went into the city for dinner, and to attend Booth's theatre. Just in front of them was the same man, sound asleep. He awakened as the cars stopped and left them, but did not go aboard the boat. Instead, he waited until they passed. She was sure they were being shadowed

and called Mr. Hilton's attention to the man. At sight of him Donnallen's face turned ghastly, but he made no remark. They entered a street car, and the stranger disappeared.

Mr. Hilton was now absent weeks at a time. He sent her a note, that business called him to New Orleans. She received letters from there three times a day, two on the morning train, and one at night saying he should be absent three months.

More than two had passed when she heard he had been in New York at his bank every day. She was deeply distressed and went at once to the bank, but her husband was not there. His brother Edward told her Donnallen had always dealt crookedly, and they had just had a terrible fight, which had cost them hundreds of thousands of dollars. He had forwarded his letters to their house in New Orleans to prevent her knowing anything about the suit, said he, "Babe, break it up, you can if you will for Donnallen loves you, and I am so tired of it, so tired."

"You see, Babe, he determined to become a millionaire, no matter to what he should owe his wealth. We prospered in the grocery business, then went into the liquor traffic, and accumulated an abundance. All went smoothly until Donnallen discovered that an illicit distillery was more profitable. He set them up in the Blue Mountains of Virginia. He knew there was danger,

but he said he would chance it. He has made immense sums, but it is constant war, until I am sick of it, sick of it.

"Break it up and if he is angry with you, from my abundance I will provide for you. I wish to retire but he wont let me. I have so much money. It is a burden, and I would be glad to get rid of the care of it, and have a little peace. When a man has so much as to make a slave of himself, he has too much."

"Have you ever been to California?" asked Helen.

"No, but Mr. Adams is my agent there, in the bank and on the Pacific Coast. I have no fault to find as he attends strictly to business. Donnallen says we could not have a better agent."

After a long conversation she returned home, wiser than she left and with forebodings of evil.

One of the partners was on the train. He told Helen Mr. Hilton sold liquor to the "Mollie Maguires," and when he went to collect the money he disguised himself, and was well armed, as he was afraid of the men.

Now she understood why he so often registered under an assumed name, and why he took such sudden journeys.

The following week Mr. Hilton returned, travel stained and weary, talking rapidly about his business in the South.

She said, "Do not improvise, I have had an interview with your brother and know all about it."

He fastened the door securely, that no one should intrude or hear what he said. He was a man of exceptionally strong and unimpressible constitution. His cause was wrong, but no doubt his judgment was misled concerning it, by his friends who assured him if he made a success of it there would be no difficulty in freeing him from the consequences.

He said, "You don't know what you ask me to relinquish. It is an awful pile of money."

But said she, "The trade is servile and sneaking, your friends have perverted your judgment and led you astray. Your brother's reasoning is wisest and best, and I am with him, but you listen to us as if we had some selfish motive."

He admitted the evil. But said he, "There is nothing on earth like money. The world will bow to it, and there is no law for the rich man. Helen, I know the world better than you."

"Do you think however wealthy you become people will not point at you as the 'Moon-shiner,' haunted by the secret spy?"

"Oh, I'll be even with them. There is little danger of detection. You see I don't work there."

"No you employ men to break the law for you. You disguise yourself and steal away, then

live for weeks in hades, hypocrisy your burden, and sometimes it ends with arrest."

"Well, I have the best advice. Poh! There is no danger, it is appalling, the number of mercenary people who will practice deception in the interest of gain, they will never throw stones at me."

The argument ended in a promise that Edward should retire if he wished, and he would withdraw from the moonshiners.

Helen knew he was making an effort to keep the promise, and was satisfied. Christmas came again, and she gave him a beautifully worked pair of slippers, she embroidered them during his absence so they should be a surprise.

He smilingly thanked her and said "I should have made you an acceptable Christmas gift, but the trouble is I have outlived all that nonsense."

She told him Christmas and New Year's day were the pleasantest days in the year in her Western home. The family were always together, and each one did something to make the other happy. That the four passed with him, had been exceedingly dull, with not so much as a paper of bon-bons, to make it seem different from other days."

The first of May came, and Mr. Hilton, true to his promise had arranged everything for a visit to her parents. They left New York with the mud and slush, and found it quite spring like in Chicago. They went to the

Sherman House, and remained until the next evening when they would leave for Omaha.

They spent the day doing the city. They walked to the lake shore, then climbed to the Cupola of the court-house to view the surrounding landscape. In the evening when they left, the cars were just packed with people going to California on the first train.

At Omaha, it was quite interesting crossing the river on the boats and waiting for hours for the last car. Her heart was full of gladness when she beheld again the mountains. Donnallen urged her to go on to California with him after a stay of eight or ten days at home. This she refused to do.

When they left Omaha, the conductor refused to honor Mr. Hilton's pass, then she discovered he was under an assumed name. He wired back to a friend, a Senator, who soon sent a dispatch, "Honor Mr. Hert's ticket."

She concluded one could not change a tricky person in a day, it had ceased to impress her at all.

The stage coach which they took at Ogden arrived at her home at the same hour, day, and month that she had met Mr. Hilton nine years before. There were many friends to welcome her. They made plans for constant recreation while she remained. She gladly accepted. The weather was perfect. The "Twin sisters," those

watch towers of the snowy Wasatch had grown more majestic.

The orchards were in bloom, the robins sang joyfully near her window, the sun set gloriously, and soon the frogs were happily croaking in time, at least, if not in tune, as one invariably led with three solemn croaks, followed by a full chorus. Just as they did of yore.

They drove over the hills and dales, and gathered the "flowers—the beautiful flowers, kissed by the dew drops and bathed by the showers," as they used to sing. They galloped into the villages on horseback. They went boating and bathing, entered the caves climbing the elephant's back to reach a point where they could stand upright. They ascended the mountains to a point where the views were most enchanting. Did over again all the scenes of their childhood, singing and laughing, "Gay as the birds that warble above our heads," remarked one of them. Sometimes they hushed their voices, as they came near the green mound of a departed friend, for death had thinned their ranks. A few weeks of this and the dimples returned to Helen's face. A continual round of pleasure, until September when she had to return to New York.

Soon after her arrival Mr. Hilton brought her one day some stolen "bonds," saying she could cash them, if she liked, and if not it might mean

a separation, as she had made a number very unfriendly to her. She knew better than to cash them, and did not, but they had a serious misunderstanding as she saw he had returned to his old associates.

He admitted he had and obstinately refused to be reformed. There was no use to argue longer, as the coldness and distance between them grew more apparent after each discussion.

She knew her life was again to be the same monotonous round, but it was to terminate abruptly.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RICHMOND.

Speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts.—*Voltaire*.

The troubles Helen had passed through caused a severe attack of neuralgia, which increased as the cold weather set in.

Donnallen proposed she should try change of climate. He had friends in Georgia, and they would be most kind to her and pleased to make her acquaintance. They were deeply indebted to him, all they possessed they owed to his kindness. Then too the climate was delightful. Helen consented to go, packing her trunks and sent those she

did not need to his bank where they would be stored.

One bright February morning they proceeded on their journey, stopping at Washington as business there required his attention. After a few days, they continued on their journey. Helen was much amused, as they went aboard the boat, watching the negroes on the wharf, and listening to their sweet melodies. Sailing down the Potomac, Hilton, whose manners were simple, with pleasant voice, pointed out the important strategical points during the civil war.

They had a splendid view of the residence and birthplace of Washington, Helen, inhaled with delight the fresh draughts of air, and forgot the pain as she viewed the cheerful landscape. There was much too of sadness in the ruin wrought by the war. Mr. Hilton took occasion to inform her "That he was perhaps selfish and wicked, but he wished her to live reclusively and exclusively for himself while away. She was not to mingle in society at all during her sojourn there."

Arriving at Richmond, it was dark and rainy. Going to the principal hotel, they went at once to the dining-room for refreshment. Then Mr. Hilton proposed that she remain for a time ere going to Georgia. She would be nearer him, he could run down and see her from Washington, where business often called him.

Helen replied, "It made no difference, her object being to avoid the rigors of winter, if she felt well here, could just as well remain. It seemed a beautiful city, and there were fresh vegetables and fruit for dinner."

He said, "since she had decided he would take the seven o'clock train next morning for New York City. She was to write him if she preferred to go farther South. He would come and take her there, but should she be ill she must wire him."

Going to her room, she rang for ice water. The maid called, "Christopher Columbus George Washington Leopold, some ice water." In came a little nigger, mouth stretched from ear to ear; Helen said, "You must be of consequence judging from your name."

"I is, couldn't run this here hotel without me."

Telling the maid she would like her trunk, was much amused to hear "Don Cæsar Agustus Cicero" and find all those high sounding names belonged to the porter. Morning came still raining a damp, dismal, chilling, drizzle. Helen woke up with that strange feeling of oppression, which is caused by something unpleasant, and judged it was the weather. When Mr. Hilton came in abruptly, saying, "The buss is at the door; I am in an awful hurry, good-bye love—write often," and was gone.

The day was dull, the rain never ceasing for a moment, causing great pain to her face, so she did not leave her room that day, having her meals brought to her.

At night, a poor beggar sat under her window, wailing out upon an accordeon the most doleful melodies. Ever after Helen said, "The one instrument of torture, unknown to mankind was the accordeon." Never could she hear it without a shudder. Weeping until exhaustion caused her to sleep and morning came with a flood of sunlight, feeling much better. After breakfast she took out her portfolio, writing several letters. Then went to lunch.

Some people say they have no romance in their lives, that their lives have held no story, have been uneventful, but in Helen's life from early days the unlooked for and unexpected seemed always happening.

The proprietor came to her saying, "Mrs. Hart, you may sit here at my table, as you are likely to remain at our hotel for some time, so the gentleman said, who commended you to my care. He also told me your husband died of yellow fever at New Orleans. You are young to be a widow. You look like a mere child."

For a moment she was horrified, then burst into laughter. The proprietor gave her a searching glance, then sat down by her, passing her a glass of water, said, "As I remarked you are very

young, should you need advice, don't hesitate to ask it. Wife will call on you soon and we will try and make your stay pleasant." Afterward, he said, "Her extreme youth, her deadly paleness and excited laugh filled him with compassion and he resolved to protect her. He was recently married, his honey-moon not yet over. Helen's first impulse was to confide in the proprietor, then remembering how Mr. Hilton would deceive you before your face and yet convince you that you saw wrongly, lie to you, you know it, yet end by believing him. So said one of his friends, and he had, when he wished to deceive, a smile that deceived as many men as women. So returning to her room, feeling dreary and lonely, weeping bitter tears of humiliation that she must, here too, struggle with the deceit that had been thrust upon her, and thought sadly of the strange vicissitudes and experiences which had crowded themselves into her life. Her meditations were interrupted by the proprietor calling, saying, "He was going to put her into the other hotel, where only his most elegant people stopped and she was to have a cheerful room, and his wife would introduce her to some of their special friends and whatever of sorrow had come into her life, he trusted would soon end in joy."

She slept soundly that night. When morning came, opening her window, a flood of sunlight and hope came to her, being of a sanguine

temperament. She did not despair, but trusted all would yet be well, still the clouds that hovered over her were black.

After breakfast, putting on her wraps, she passed into the street. Many trees were in leaf, and the hawthorn and cherry were white with blossoms; in front of some of the stately mansions, in neat beds, tulips, hyacinths and English violets bloomed. While viewing the city with its hills and dales and the beautiful river, wondering what other experiences and dangers lay in her pathway, her reverie was interrupted by a contemptuous sound. Looking around, she saw the blackest little nigger saying with grimaces, "My! My! My! The best duds I ever expect to wear, O Lord! Who are we anyway?" Helen lent against "Harts, marble statue of Henry Clay," and laughed immoderately. Some say it is quite impossible to pronounce opinions upon people whom we meet, with any accuracy, but that little nigger grasped the situation at once. For aught Helen knew, she was a pauper—rather humiliating to say the least.

Just then a lady said, "Pardon me, I am Mrs. Gray, you sit at my table. I have taken a fancy to you. As you walk each day it will be pleasant to join you. I am an invalid, but try and walk, instead of drive, as it gives me more exercise. You are a widow, and so young, Oh, how sad it

must be, to lose one's husband and be left alone in a strange city!"

Helen replied, "Her company would be delightful, but she was not a widow, but was forbidden to speak, until her husband chose to make known the reason for concealment."

Said the lady smiling, "You have been under surveillance, and we have decided you are not an ordinary person. You are a lady with refined thought, beautiful ideas, you have principle and courage. My husband was an eminent Washington lawyer. We were southerners and returned home just before the Civil war and cast our lot with the Confederacy. He told me, you were under an assumed name, that when your name was spoken at the table, you made no reply. He then observed you closely and said it was an unfamiliar sound to you, but whatever was the trouble, you were not to blame, to the tips of your fingers, you were a lady. That your being left by that old man, in that strange fashion, had raised up friends for you. Sorrow has made us feel with and for others. We do not spend our time in selfish brooding over our reverses, but try to mitigate them by help and sympathy given to the sorrows of others. We have talked the matter over, we may be uncharitable, but find no other solution but this. He has chosen to hide your real name, purposely to deceive others and yourself. So we will try to save you from the ruin

he has premeditated. My husband says certainly there was a marriage, his conduct proves it. The only question that remains is, whether it is a legal one. Mr. Gray does not practice now, but his opinion is worth having. Now I intend to be your friend, I like you, I will accept you as you are, without knowing more than you choose to tell."

A few days after this, a party of gentlemen from St. Louis came to the hotel, saw Helen, and said, "There is the daughter of Mr. Doty, she was a lovely child but married an old man of New York City worth millions of money."

The proprietor replied, "She is a widow."

"Then she must have vast wealth, as he was fond of her."

However, ere they left, they gave him their cards, with the request that he should pay her every attention. Should anything happen to her, to inform them. In a few days the wife of the proprietor called. She was a charming and idolized daughter of a wealthy ship owner of Boston, Massachussets. She brought Helen some magazines and told her she was welcome to use the books from her library whenever she wished to read. Also that she would be pleased to take her driving, whenever she went, which was often after dinner, that hour being the pleasantest. With mutual exchange of civilities, they separated.

The other ladies called. All seemed to find Helen congenial. All but two were musicians.

One, a lovely woman, Mrs. McKenzie, who played the piano in such fascinating style as to make them oblivious of the hours and storms. They began to look forward with delight, to those evenings, when the guests of the hotel were engaged with balls, operas and parties. Then the ladies with the invalids would assemble in the parlor and leading Mrs. McKenzie to the instrument, when with a touch like magic, she rendered Mendelssohn's songs, Beethoven's grandest sonatas and Wallenhaupts marches. Other ladies sang, then followed conversation upon scientific subjects. Now and then would come some one of the guests, peeping in, retiring, they would hear them say, "What pleasure those ladies have together."

As the summer came, the flowers were most beautiful, those on the magnolia trees looking like white doves. The air was laden with perfume. The linnet and mocking bird sang all day. But for the deceit and treachery under which she was placed, and which she did not know how to surmount, her sojourn would have been indeed delightful. And if the memory of the past, like a dark cloud, at times crosses her mind, it is recompensed by the acquaintance and society of those ladies, whose knowledge of courtesy and good manners was equal to their grace and beauty.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, VA.

As the warm weather advanced, the ladies urged Helen to go with them to the springs.

Having obtained permission to go with sufficient money to cover the expenses, they one bright summer morning left the hotel for a short sojourn at this famous resort. The journey was really quite exhilarating, there was much to interest and amuse them, the time passed pleasantly, until they reached the springs.

They were a distinguished party, and took a cottage, that being the proper thing to do. All authors, poets and great people occupied the log cottages. They went to the hotel for refreshments. There was a grand ball, and the whole place was alive with lights, music and dancing. While groups of young people were discussing the prospective belles. Whether this young lady, or that, had sufficient wealth and beauty to reign this season; and all the dainty accessories of their toilets were called in question. Now, there would pass one so beautiful, jewels would be thrown away upon her. Then they would amuse each other detailing the many incidents of last

season. Then there would be quite a stir, a new arrival, and an heiress, and they spread the news rapidly throughout the merry company.

Helen and her party felt weary, and soon retired to their cottage, five ladies occupying one. After examining their rooms, to see that all was well and no snakes, as they sometimes intruded upon the cottagers, they went to rest. At early dawn, they were awakened by the band playing in the grand stand. This is a health resort, and they breakfast at six. The music puts them in the best of humors while they prepare their toilets. After breakfast, they hasten to the springs, they walk about the grounds and make morning calls. Then climb to the "Lover's Leap," where along the banks grow tall thickets of fragrant rhododendrons, with their pink and cream-white flowers. Some of the company amused themselves with games.

Helen found many friends, and was informed that she was sufficiently attractive to become one of the belles. Among her admirers was one old gentleman, who very soon informed her, "The time had come when he stood face to face with the knowledge of his love, when he said to himself that, if marriages were made in Heaven, there was one woman intended to replace his dear departed, and become a companion for his only child, a daughter. That she was the only woman in the world he could ever love. She

stood out quite distinct and clear to him. He knew they were comparative strangers, but he could give ample references, and as the face was an index to character, he would trust her, if she said yes."

Helen informed him, "She was not at liberty to marry him nor could she explain matters."

He was a gentleman, and did not insist upon an explanation, but it was plain, he was disappointed. He was not a fortune hunter as he possessed vast wealth.

He quoted Moor:

O ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

Here they were interrupted by Mr. Dubois and Miss May entering the parlor, the latter remarked laughingly, "This looks suspicious! Mr. Dubois, I am sure we intrude, suppose we retire."

Helen would not permit this, and they passed a delightful evening together.

Upon returning to Richmond, very soon Helen noticed the letters and remittances were very irregular, and that the signature to the letters was often omitted. She began to feel the wear and tear upon her wardrobe, with nothing to replenish. She consulted Mrs. Gray about a change of hotel, as she felt she must retrench,

and so save a small sum to repair her wardrobe and for incidental expenses.

Mrs. Gray knew a fine woman, who had met with reverses and kept boarders, thought it would be possible to obtain a room. Would enquire, and she could save five dollars per month, providing she decided to leave the hotel. She disliked the gossip of a boarding-house, but judged this one singularly free.

She interviewed her friend and recommended Helen, but said nothing as to her object of change. The house was not far from the hotel. Helen made all arrangements for moving, but left the hotel with regret, and went to her new home, a room upon the top floor commanding a beautiful view of the Capitol grounds in winter, but in summer the trees obstructed the view. She felt lonely and sad, as she knew nothing with certainty as to the movements or intentions of her husband.

Her pensive meditations were interrupted by a parrot saying, "There is the dinner bell," and one sounded. Going into the dining-room, Helen was introduced to several of the boarders, only a few treating her with common civility. Those were the members of the family, and two lovely girls, really members of the best society of Richmond.

She left the table, confident she would be very

lonely, and life would be dreary for a girl not nearly twenty-five in lodgings like these.

As she passed up to her room, two ladies were descending, they smiled sweetly as she passed them, but ere she was out of hearing, she heard them laugh and say, "Well, shall we have such cattle with us every day?" A sudden horror and fear swept down upon her soul, and seemed to quench her very life; she could not understand why they judged her so differently, they looked upon her as vulgar and ill bred, while those ladies at the hotel thought her sensitive and sympathetic. Locking the door of her room, she wept bitterly for a time, then going to the piano she opened it and began playing.

Something she had not done for several years, she had great taste and modulation, but found her execution in playing bad, she was losing the use of her fingers. Then she tried a song, singing softly lest she should be heard.

There came a rap at the door; in came lovely Lillian May, an Albany girl. She was beautiful, fascinating, accomplished and traveled, and the same who interrupted the *tete-a-tete* at the W. S. Springs. She was sojourning at Richmond on account of her mamma's health, and the three, Doctor, Mrs. and Miss May were among Helen's special-friends.

Helen poured out her grief and received sympathy with the remark, "We are from the North,

those people feel bitter toward us. It is nothing they have against you." After a cheerful chat, she left, having a promise from Helen to dine with them on the morrow. Helen retired without going again down stairs. Three times she awoke screaming with fright from hideous dreams, but considering them "a snare and a delusion" took no note of them.

Mrs. Smith, the landlady, had a cousin, Mr. Tarpit, who was a frequent visitor at the house.

The first evening Helen called upon Mrs. Gray he called too, requesting an introduction to Mrs. Hart, whom he said he had seen at church and was at once infatuated.

Mr. Gray was out of town. Mrs. Gray found time to say, "I cannot prevent his seeing you home it would be rude should he not, but he is one of the conceited beaux who means to marry money. The day we were shopping, that fellow was in the store. You asked for your goods, selected them, asked the price and handed the money. When you left, he asked the merchant, who boards at the hotel, your name, saying, 'She must have the chink, she did not jew you down!' 'Yes,' replied the man, 'she is reputed wealthy.' 'Then she is mine,' said he. His informer's sole rejoinder was, 'Perhaps the lady may have something to say about it.' 'Since then, he has importuned me to introduce you.

He evidently watches you, as he called soon as you arrived."

She replied she would return home immediately, thereby preventing a tete-a-tete, also she regretted the rumor of vast wealth, as it caused so much unpleasantness, and people must imagine her a miser.

Mrs. Gray replied, "Yes, while you are neatly dressed and look sweet as a pink, you have none of the accessories of wealth, but there now! don't fret about it, we shall always feel interested in you."

As expected, Mr. Tarpit informed Helen he would see her to his cousins, where she had taken her abode.

She informed him she did not understand German. This man had resided in Strassburg, and, although ten years since, he became so familiar with the language, he burst into German every other word, and found it difficult to recall the English word. Returning to her lodgings in a few minutes walk, he informed her of his boundless love, and asked her to be his wife.

She thanked him for the honor, but told him she was not at liberty to marry, and if she were, did not believe in haste.

By this time they had reached the door, hastily bidding him goodnight, she ran to her room. She despised his conceit and presumption, but knew of no way to punish him for his imperti-

nence. So she spent the night in tears at the insults put upon her. Next morning a note was put under her door. Tearing open the envelope she was amazed to read.

"Sweetest One, I have considered the conversation of last evening and decided: one situated as you are, would mean you are very wicked, or very unfortunate. But I am one of the first families have, met with reverses, and for a consideration, will marry you. Mind it must be a neat little competence. If you do not reply, shall consider silence gives consent.

"T. TARPIT."

Helen was furious, her indignation knew no bounds. But knew she was placed in circumstances to cause remark, and would gladly escape from the troubles in which she had plunged herself by a change of residence.

Upon reflection, she judged it best to reply to the note, and wrote.

"Mr. Tarpit. Your note received. My disgust for its contents and contempt for the author, are beyond expression. I have a husband, and am not accountable to you for our separation. If you are as chivalrous as you claim to be, your attentions will cease.

"Very truly,

"MRS. HART."

In the room opposite hers was a man and his wife, who constantly annoyed her, but she resolved to be perfectly polite and in no way resent their rudeness. She felt herself as high above them as the Heavens are higher than the earth.

Upon entering the dining-room whom should she see as their guest, and sitting at her table, but Mr. Tarpit. Rising as she approached the table, with a profound bow, in a loud voice he said, "My dear Mrs. Hart!"

Helen not wishing a scene, bowed her head in acknowledgment. During dinner he was officious, insisting upon her trying this and that dish.

She left the table ere she had finished, but he was in the hall first, saying, "I am determined to fathom the mystery, and there is no reason why we should not be friends," snatching her hand and kissing it. She boxed his ears and fled. She had indeed "Fallen on evil days, and evil tongues, in darkness and with dangers compassed round." She immediately wrote her husband, telling him her trouble.

He answered, "No need to be wretched over that, all would be well, when he should explain, and the fellow could not injure her if she behaved herself."

Mrs. Gray called, and Helen informed her of the matter, but did not explain the insults, but

that he was persistent in his attentions. She replied it would soon end. She had made inquiries and learned he was already engaged to be married to a prospective heiress.

They left the house for a walk. Ere they had gone far, Mrs. Gray exclaimed: "My dear, there is that fellow with a friend of mine; they are going to join us. If I had imagined your new lodging would subject you to such annoyance I would never have introduced you. He is a wicked fellow, your safest way is just to be polite."

The two men joined them, walking along until they met others, when they separated.

That evening Mr. Tarpit called at the house, proclaiming their engagement; he stated "that no people of opposite sex, walked on that avenue, unless engaged, and he had already been congratulated."

Helen was speechless with amazement, she tried to pass him, when he said, "Hoity-toity Miss, I will have you anyway! I am an O. F., have made inquiries and learn your husband has a maniac wife, and you are just as free as if never married. I will not give you up, you have money and I mean to marry you."

"Marry me then if you can, one should be proud of an alliance with such a one as thou art."

When she returned to her room, she found her pocket had been picked, yet she could not

speak of it, for all those rude people were his friends. Feeling inexpressibly sad, she went to church. One of the daughters of the minister spoke to her. They had called on her several times at the hotel, asking for contributions. As she turned away the sister said, "You should not have spoken to her, don't you know there is a mystery about her. It is well enough to ask for her contributions, but I would not speak to her at church, and I would walk on the other side of the street." The shock given Helen by those overheard remarks caused her to lay awake all night, and she wondered if those narrow minded girls could prejudice her friends towards her. Horrid things! They had no inclination to love one another.

An old man had heard their remarks and said to her, "My child, you don't carry the deaths head with you, so you'll find in me a friend."

Finding gossip becoming unbearable, Helen informed the ladies that previous to her coming to that house, she had kept the very cream of refined society. What her associations were there, she did not know, nor had she anyway of knowing.

"Oh! My dear," they all exclaimed, "never heard a word. It is amazing. Why, your conduct has been exemplary, very exemplary."

She replied, "It is beastly to treat me so when I am away from my home, and there is no

one to defend me; no self respecting person would be guilty of such meanness."

For a few days all was serene, but I regret I cannot report much progress toward friendship. They were accomplished in the art of "Double dealing."

The dreary winter passed and the pink of the peach-sprays, the white of the almond blossoms had returned, but to Helen there was not a ray of light, it was a whirlwind of horror and darkness. She had counted the weeks, then the days, then the hours, listening for the echo of her husband's footstep that never came. Then the letters ceased, all her own returned unopened. Of the agony occasioned by his conduct, I will say nothing. Her suffering, grief and mortification were beyond expression, deserted by friends, snubbed by strangers who forced themselves upon her. It seemed as if she could not bear it. Then she spoke to the dear old Doctor. He said, "You hug a phantom my child, your husband will never return for you. He is a villain and a brute."

The kind old gentleman suggested that she should obtain legal advice. She also told him of her persecution from Tarpit.

One night after they left her at the door as she climbed to her room, there came a stealthy step back of her, then like a flash, Tarpit had darted a glance all around, then before she was aware of it, he caught her in his arms and kissed

her cheek. She ran quickly to her room, wiping off his kiss with her handkerchief. As she turned to lock her door, she saw the man in the opposite room lurking in the hall, also the glance exchanged between the men. So the brute had an emissary. The more she thought of it, the more it puzzled her. The Doctor said, "In the future, he would see her to her own room."

Upon reflection she decided to leave Richmond, and bade her kind friends adieu.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MICHIGAN.

How beautiful is night?
A dewy freshness fills the air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven,
In full orb'd glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark, blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

Southey.

Helen received as she boarded the cars, an earnest invitation to visit some relatives of her mother's family. She decided, upon learning that she would stop at a station near there to accept.

So she was left at a junction where after remaining some hours, she was told the next train would take her on her way, but not there. They left her at a post out near quite a forest, about two miles from Novi. Some people left the train, and Helen asked them if they could inform her when the next train would arrive for the Lake, or if they could direct her where to go, or where she could find a conveyance to take her on her journey as she was a stranger in that vicinity.

They were all chewing gum, looked askance at her. Upon her repeating the question they replied: "Wall they was mighty sure she would not go with them, cos they was full, she could walk to the nearest house they sposed."

Just then an old gentleman stepped up saying, "You seem to be in trouble, mum, kin I do anything for you?"

Helen explained.

"Wall if you kin ride on the dirt cars, you kin go two miles with me, you look purty well dressed, maybe you will sile your dress. You see they are fillin in the bed for the track, and the last cars of gravel today will pass in a few minutes, and if you say the word, I'll put you and your trunk aboard, otherwise you will have to walk to Novi two miles, no stables near the woods."

Helen thankfully accepted.

They had a box car, where they put their shovels and picks. They assisted her to climb in

and gave her a tall box to lean against, so she did very well.

The old man took her to his home and treated her with the greatest kindness. After some refreshments and an hour's rest, he told her if she would deign to ride in a lumber wagon he would take her to her friends. He drove around the lake where the scenery was a mixture of the wild and beautiful, he entertained her by pointing out the oak, ash, hickory, walnut, hazlenut and sassafras trees. He told her of the birds and squirrels. The lake was walled in by trees, and through the blue water the fish were plainly to be seen. The drive was pleasant and instructive.

Nearing the house they passed a son of Rob Brown. Helen could see the thermometer was falling.

"Reckon you ant purty well acquainted here?"

"No, was not aware I had any friends here, until leaving for New York City, when I received an invitation to visit them."

"Wall, Rob Brown is a mighty rich man. The person we passed was his son. Rob has held office for sixteen years; got a big farm. Boys self supportin' since little lads."

He fastened his team, going into the house with Helen, said, "This ere woman says she is connected to your husband, I don't endorse her, but seein' she was left alone in the wilderness, I brung her along."

They asked Helen if she was a grandchild of Mollie Brown.

She replied, "Yes."

They bade her come in.

Going to the gate to give orders about her trunks, she asked the man his charges, "Wall one dollar. Say! that fat woman was a little chilly in meetin' you, especially as she said she was expecting you, little chilly! but maybe they will see you to the cars, if not, I will look to it that you reach the Junction."

She thanked him for his kindness saying she would be glad of his assistance if necessary. He left her muttering, "Wall if that fat woman thinks the grandchild of her sister-in-law is a fool, she is a little ahead of her reckoning, a little ahead of her reckoning!"

Helen returned to the house, her impression of Mrs. Brown was unfavorable. She was tall, immensely stout, large red nose, ruddy complexion, brown hair, dull gray eyes. She peeped at you, never looked at you. The corners of her mouth were drawn down, while when near you her finger, constantly worked as if desirous of scratching you. Whenever she did anything it was with a snatching movement. Mittie was a daughter by adoption, she lost her mother at three years of age. She was a tall slender girl, regular features, pale complexion, blue eyes, dark brown hair, which she was proud of dressing

from the fashion books. Her dress was green with red trimmings, which did not look amiss with her pale face. Robbie was six feet, thin, dyspeptic, with a splendid appetite, a complexion a girl might have envied, blue eyes, brown hair streaked with gray. Such a good man, so sympathetic. He would shed tears at anybody's misfortune, as for his own friends, their trials were his, their insults his, and he was always hoping to live for this or that event, but was always dying.

They had a guest, a dear old lady who informed Helen she knew her mother well. That when she was a very small child, she used to play with her little Lucy, and she would be pleased to welcome her to her home a mile east from there.

They chatted of old times and after tea showed Helen to her room, if such it could be called. A place eight by ten one side, and six by ten the other. A small bed, one wooden chair, and a strip of rag carpet composed the furniture.

Her heart was heavy with the pressure of many burdens. Not being able to sleep, as there was a full moon and a star lit sky, she leaned out of the window until midnight gazing over the meadow, into quite a forest beyond. There was no person near, and only the hoot of an owl, now and then, gave one a feeling of sadness.

Five o'clock and they summoned her to breakfast. She dressed hurriedly and went down stairs, where these primitive people introduced her to the pump, where she cooled her face with fresh water. Mittie, the daughter handing her a clean towel with the remark, "That maybe city girls would not like to wipe on the towel with the men folks." For which Helen, smiling, thanked her, acknowledging she wouldnot.

The air was fresh, and in the east was a golden halo. They asked her if she ever saw the sun rise, if not, to "gaze on a mighty fine sight."

Under an apple tree, Bizone was busy with her churn, while Mittie was preparing the breakfast which smelled appetising, a great tray of bread, fresh butter, broiled chicken, a saucer of whortleberries and tea. The birds sang delightfully, especially the robins which seemed to split their little throats, in their efforts to rival the other birds.

Helen walked a few moments with the old man Brown pointing out things city girls never saw.

She noticed the dew upon the flowers, looking like jewels; near the garden fence were blackberry vines, while just beyond these were thistles and ferns.

When seated around the breakfast table the impression she formed was of a united family, enjoying contentedly the peaceful blessings sur-

rounding their home, for they seemed honest, and the dislike she felt for Bizone was forgotten.

After the meal, Mr. Brown informed Helen he must go out and pay some bills, she might go with him. So they drove in a phaeton. She found the lakes in that vicinity numerous and most beautiful. During the drive she gave an account of her history since leaving home. He shed tears and said, "Oh! my child, you have learned how to suffer; what a mean, good for nothing, mercenary old brute your husband is. Were he to come here, I would kick him all over my farm."

Soon they arrived at the cottage, where she was shown about the premises.

At dinner they informed her the next day was the anniversary of the birth of two neighbors. All the family were invited and would take the liberty of "invitin'" her. "You see these tew neighbors give a dinner alternately every year, the same company attend, they would jes shew her what a farmers' spread meant."

* Next morning Brown informed Helen, "Bizone and me have talked it all over, we can't advise you to disobey your husband; no doubt time will explain all that seems mysterios. You better do as he advises, we believe he will do as he says. He must love you. You are young, attractive and good. You better remain with us,

you would be much better off my child, and jes wait patiently until he comes, as I know he will."

She replied, "You may be right, but I put no trust in his friendship, no confidence in his promises. I hope for the best. Will wait, but I am trying to be strong in case the worst comes. He says he will come some day and take me home, but some day is indefinite."

By this time the Democrat was at the door, all climbed in and a delightful drive of four miles brought them to Silver Lake, where a large company had assembled in the parlor. In the next room a number of ladies were preparing the dinner. The table linen was beautifully white. Two boquets adorned the table, which groaned under the weight of good things. All gave Helen a warm welcome, then asked Mrs. Brown, "If the city company was stuck up," in a whisper plainly to be heard. Turning sweetly to Helen in a moment after, "Is this your first visit to Michigan?"

Soon all were summoned to dinner, "Menu: roast turkey, chicken, beef, lamb, and pig. Fricaseed chicken, chicken pie, cold chicken and tongue, baked and fried potatoes, tomatoes, corn, beans, pumpkins and cabbage, bread, hot rolls, biscuit; all light as possible. All kinds of pickles, a dozen varieties of pie and twenty different kinds of cake. Honey, maple syrup, peach, plum and cherry preserve, cheese, tea,

coffee and fruit. I think the dear old lady passed Helen everything on the table. At last she remarked, "You must be delicate, you don't eat nothing to speak of."

Helen replied, she had eaten of turkey, rolls and honey, which were extremely fine, and could not eat any more, although all looked delicious.

"Wall now jes taste this cake, you see all the company brought a cake for the birthday, and this is mine. Do jes eat a small piece," which she did praising it, so the dear old heart warmed toward her; she said, "What do you think of my home? We come here when it was all swamp, and timber. We cleared up the farm and here the young ones was born. Now only father and me are at home. The others have gone out into the great world, and those near enough come home for the birthday, as you see, and we look forward to this day with longing, and we wonder how long before the circle will be broken, not by journeys, but by death."

Helen hoped not for many years, and replied she thought their home one of the pleasantest and prettiest she had ever seen.

The house embowered on three sides by the forest, and at the rear that most beautiful lake, rightly named, for the water was not blue or steel gray, as she had seen, but like moulten silver.

The lady said she had a son out West. He

had sent her some specimens of mines. "Would she not like to look at them?"

In a wooden box, with a glass door, were some superb specimens of gold and silver quartz. Said Helen, "Here is one looks like it might have come from the Comstock."

"Wall now it is. My son is in Colorado, but a friend of his, a rich man in San Francisco, gave him that and he sent it to me; is it valuable?"

"Yes, those large veins are native gold; that piece is perhaps worth fifty dollars."

"Wall, my boy sent me some jewelry and the watchmaker in Detroit told me it was worth twenty dollars. Now I wonder what you will say it is worth? I mean to show them to you, they's agits."

She brought out the set, superb specimens: the broach contained a fern leaf as perfect as if picked and carefully pressed; one button, a fern, broken, the other an ivy leaf; you could see the delicate veins.

"Now, do you know, they say you can pick these up by the bushel in Colorado?"

"Yes," replied Helen, "but these are as beautiful as I ever saw, you might pick up a bushel, and not find another as fine as these."

"Now could these be sold for twenty dollars?"

"More than that if you took them to a scientist. They like to preserve such perfect specimens."

Her daughters who had drawn near during the conversation were intelligent, the younger a charming lady; the youngest son a very prince in manners, yet he said he had never been off the farm, and had only such schooling as the district afforded. These three people spoke pure English.

Helen remarked to the old lady, "It seemed to her farmers wasted more than they used, tons of apples and other fruit lay on the ground, and they would fish for hours, throwing away the bass and trout. Where she lived trout was considered a rare luxury.

"Wall now," remarked a jolly guest, "How little we realize our blessin's, curus that what one don't think nothin' of, another calls a treat. Wall! Wall! 'Green grass grows on forin hills.' We reach out after the impossible, and don't never seem to realize our own comforts, and the blessin's bestowed upon us promiscus like, till they are clean gone beyond our reach." They all listened intently and sweetly smiling, murmured, "Yes, curus! curus!"

The young people took Helen rowing upon the lake, an unexpected pleasure. The young man conversed very intelligently of the native animals or the feathered tribes, also of the climate, barley, oats, corn, potatoes which arrive at great perfection, and the wheat crop he thought superior to many States.

The fruit comprised the apple, peach, plum,

current, blackberry, strawberry and all kinds of wild berries in great abundance. In fact, he thought "old Michigan could not be excelled." Altogether the day passed pleasantly, when near sundown the friends dispersed.

The drive home was delightful. They watched the sun sink beneath the horizon; the brilliant lines of the sky fade into the gray shades of evening, and the stars come one by one.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FRANCES CLIVE.

For many months Helen had been indescribably lonely. But the morning after the dinner she awoke after a refreshing sleep, into a sense of interest for all around her. The people seemed to amuse her, and she was becoming fond of them, and felt that if she was to drift awhile, she could find no safer haven than this country home. There were neighbors in every direction, and a railway fourteen miles off. There was one objection, the post office was three miles away. She depended upon her letters, they were the link that bound her to civilization, and she could not give them up. During the week they tried to make everything pleasant. Mrs. Brown from the first, urged her to make

her home with them, until she was certain what she was to do, saying, "My two vacant rooms parlor and spare bed-room, I shall never be able to furnish, so bring your traps here and take possession. You may come and do as you like. We will take the best of care of your things when you are absent either visiting or teaching. Mittie seemed fairly able and intelligent, constant in her attentions, offering sympathy and consolation, always ending with, "What can't be cured must be endured. I cannot bear to see you unhappy, beside it will ruin your good looks, remain here under our care and mamma will be so good to you."

Her brother's wife said, "It is a mischievous affair, we will do all we can to mitigate it, and believe it will end well." So upon reflection, Helen judged it best to remain. Here she thought, she would be free from the brutal attacks of selfish ill-natured people.

One neighbor, Mrs. Frances Clive was a kind, congenial friend. She was not a beauty, but she dressed well, she walked well, talked well and was accustomed to refined society. She took a deep interest in Helen and everything relating to her, often inviting her out, acting as chaperone in society. Although they were strangers, she always gave her the benefit of an impartial judgment, making her always welcome to her cottage, which was homelike and cozy and

the picture of neatness. The bed linen was fresh and snow-white. The clock ticked away on the mantle. There was a neatly arranged writing table, for her correspondence was large, and she wrote for several papers. On the window-sill, stood flower-pots of roses, forget-me-nots and fragrant mignonette. Through the open door could be seen the dining-room. When Helen dined with her, she noticed the table linen fine and white, a vase of flowers stood in the centre. The tea was brewing and was refreshing. There were light rolls, cream, fresh butter, cold roast turkey, peaches, honey and oranges. During the meal the conversation turned upon the war, Mrs. Clive having a husband killed during the last year of the rebellion. Helen having been in the far West, knew little of those stormy times, only having heard of the great battles and was greatly interested to hear her talk. She related the circumstances as if living them again. Then near sundown, they would go for a drive where the soft mild air was delightful with the breath of the pines. Helen, who always looked on the bright side, felt renewed hope after the day spent with her and trusted for the best. Indian summer had passed ere her possessions arrived, as they came by slow freight. The first amazing sign of insincerity, was Mrs. Brown refusing to have her trunks placed in the room, although they were furnished

with her things, saying, "During the cold weather the little room she had occupied would be much more comfortable as she had no stove to put in the rooms, and they were too poor to buy one." Helen was in doubt of this, however she let it pass. The room was tiny, but she only slept there. She loved to gaze from the window on the moonlit woods in shadow while a white owl perched on the bough of one of the trees near her window, at intervals all night long gave its mournful hoot.

Not many days ere the snow came down silently, quietly for a time, then the wind whistled around the place and shook the frame house, while now and then came the hoot of that owl, it was a dreary night, and grew so bitterly cold that when morning came she wrote her name in the frost upon the counterpane. Yet when she looked out upon the white winter silence, it seemed beautiful as a poet's dream. So the time wore on, with company, drives, dinners, and when the weather permitted, church, they could often drive ten miles to visit a neighbor when the weather was too inclement to go three miles to church, owing to the wind being in the wrong direction.

At last spring came, and they walked to the forest where the wood violets grew among the grass tufts and underneath the vines. The maple trees were pushing forth their leaves, and the

men were boiling sap. Along the green roads the yellow daffodils were seen, while from the casements carnations blossomed. How they enjoyed those rambles through the fields!

One day Helen was quite weary from the conversation at the rooms, and as the chat dropped into uninteresting channels, she left the room, walking out upon the lawn. The evening was delightful, with a young moon on the blue of the sky. As she walked along she heard one of their guests remark, "That was the dangdest lie about them there clouds I ever hearn, I'll let her know I haint no phule!" Another said, "That was'nt a patchin' to the 'Three thousand miles to California,' she thinks we's all igiots, the whole world haint thrée thousand miles." Someone answered, "Wall now, it was a purty big lie, but then it seems kinder natural like to her, and it don't go agin my stomick as bad as it would if she was humble, and them thair people out West are kinder educated to lie, we must low for that!"

Mr. Brown said, "Now I would not go agin that creeter, cos she don't know as much as we do! She just got to sorin' among them clouds, and located them, insint spoze, when she sot down. I felt my blood bile. I've seen jagraphys, but I said 'be calm,' and jest sot still." Another remarked, "She was the ~~gall~~ ^{gall} darndest liar he had met, since the year one!" Then Mrs.

Brown, "Thot's what smatter, just what smatter, Mrs. Brown is with you every time!"

Helen was amazed, yet a little disgusted with their hypocrisy.

A few days after this an uncle, on the Doty side, came to see her. She found him a noble gentleman, and it was a delight to listen to him. The sight of his sister's grandchild, revived a host of memories. He talked of years ago, the many plans and feelings of their youth. Smiling complacently he remarked, "All have turned to dust." She told him of her trials from constant association with coarse minded and unrefined people, that it was torture to her.

He could understand and said, "The truest aristocracy, is that of nature. The noble by nature surpass the noble by birth. She must cultivate forbearance, it was the secret of happiness, not to have wide open eyes for other people's faults, but to have a generous, noble friendship for them, in spite of their faults."

Early in the winter the Browns had implored Helen to advance to them her year's board, saying they were in financial straits, notes secured by a mortgage on their home, were due, and must be paid. They wept when they talked of it. After much urging she advanced the money. Soon after this she discovered the trunk with her papers had been disturbed, and the receipt for the money, with other things, was missing; she

also noticed constant whispering whenever she was about. Then an event took place which proved Mittie a Judas; still she said nothing, but determined to be a little watchful. At this time a telegram came, summoning her West. She notified them she would be absent perhaps several weeks, when the Browns informed her they would be glad if she never returned. "I am going," said she drawing herself up and looking at them scornfully, "and if my presence in this house is obnoxious and unwelcome, you have only to return me the money I have advanced, and will take care to keep away from you and yours. She left the house. But some years later, upon a plea from Mrs. Brown, "That now the husband was dead she would return the money," Helen was again snared into the trap those dishonest people set for her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY.

For not the ceaseless change of shifted place,
Can from the heart a settled grief erase;
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air,
Heal the distempered mind of aching care.

Lord Littleton.

Nearly three years have passed since Mr. Hilton hurriedly embraced Helen, and bade her farewell at Richmond. There had not been a word of explanation. Only a letter now and then, with, "Wait until I can explain."

She was still traveling an unknown path, towards a goal she could not see. She had no more power to influence her fate than she had to stay a day in its flight, but she was making an effort to maintain herself.

One dear old lady trying to comfort her remarked, "We are all drifting we know not whither, towards, we know not what, but I am older than you are, and have learned to bear patiently the changes and sorrows that fall to my lot, knowing that God in His infiniteness, will bring me to a safe haven. Now, do not dwell upon your trouble, trust in divine providence,

enjoy the present, 'Sufficient for today is the evil thereof!'"

A lady friend who was practical, and very influential, wished Helen to remain with them, saying, "To go into poverty and teaching meant being thrown into coarse company. Stay with us, and if your marriage to Mr. Hilton prove illegal, and we find he has deserted you, we will marry you to one of our rich friends, and they need know nothing of your past, our recommendation will be sufficient."

She replied, "If I could marry the finest man in America, I would not, if knowing my history he would hesitate."

"Goose, don't be sentimental; to marry at once is the only sure way out of your trouble."

After a few days the husband came to Helen, saying, "Don't tell wife, but I like you better for not complying with her wishes, it would not have been just fair, still had you acceded, I would have stood by you like a brother. Now we are your staunch friends, under all circumstances come to us. You are a Pearl of——"

"Oh, my soul!" exclaimed she.

"Are you ill? Come home to wife and spend the day. As I was saying, you are one among thousands, 'A pearl of great price.'"

In the meantime, Mr. Otis sent for Helen, telling her he must die, the doctor had told him there would be no warning when the time came;

he had had violent spasms of the heart. Said he, "Donnallen Hilton and I are of an age, old friends. In '56 he had amassed a fortune that had enabled him to do a splendid business, and put in the bank a nest egg of \$50,000 regarded at that time as immense. The family had lost Ed, the elder brother, who had gone to New York, grown rich, and became almost a stranger to his old home. They determined to keep Donnallen and his money with them. So his father and uncle determined he should marry his cousin Lucy. This he absolutely refused to do. Then they tried force, as she had kept the letter where he had half promised to marry her, if she would give up her lover, a trap set for him by the two fathers. But he at once offered her the half of his fortune. Then the two families, his and Lucy's, entered into a contract that if he would marry her, she would remain on the farm, and he should have his freedom, and if he should ever love a girl he could live with her. That she would not oppose him. So they were married, and he immediately left home. Wife wished to tell you this after you haunted her, but I would not permit her to do so. Now you are separated I don't care. When you wrote asking about the family, they dared not tell you, but Lucy's brother came to New York and watched you. They stole Donnallen's letters to you, and from their purport judged he loved you. You

were young and healthy, they feared you might have children that would inherit all the wealth, and they hated you. The whole family, if they could have seen you would have stoned you to death, for they never dreamed he would ever marry a girl he liked. They intended he should purchase her. Nevertheless, Lucy kept her word, and never leaves the farm, only to go to Boston or New York City for a few days shopping."

Helen said, "They are a most virtuous family, judging them by your statement."

"Well, they have been immoral from way back."

He told Helen Mrs. Otis had become a Christian. She left them, with just "Good day." Mrs. Otis said with tears in her eyes, "Don't lay it up against me, you are the true wife of Donallen Hilton."

Not long after this event, Helen received another telegram from her friends at Salt Lake City; it read:

"Come home at once, your mother will meet you at Omaha."

Evening found her on the way. There had been some delay in delivering the dispatch. She knew her friends would be waiting and anxious about her.

Upon her arrival at Omaha, they left at once for Utah.

On the train, and in the same car with them,

was a merchant, who for years had been in business with Mr. Hilton. He spoke to them and asked if Donnallen would soon come West?

Helen explained that she knew nothing of him. He was astonished, and said, "He had been at New York City for several weeks. He met with a serious accident, required the constant care of a surgeon, and was in Doctor ——'s private hospital."

"While there Mr. Hilton came with his wife, who was a maniac. He had kept her at home as long as he could. I talked with Mr. Hilton, also saw the lady whom he called Kate. Not the slightest expression moved the marble-like face, her snowy hands she folded, while her large dark eyes were wild and vacant. She was not violent, very submissive and patient. Mr. Hilton said she had been so for many years."

"After he left I talked with the physician, and he told me her case was hopeless, she had come there to die."

Said he, "I never blamed Mr. Hilton for marrying you, many men would have done the same, one cannot live with a maniac, and strangers had no business to meddle."

She replied, "She soon learned there was something radically wrong, but had no way of finding out what. Of the event which cut short her married life, all the shame, agony and mortification cast upon her shoulders seemed to release

her for a time from all associations of her former life, and whenever a rumor reached her that he was married, Donnallen protested he was not the man.

"You prove to me he is an infamous villain. For I heard of that woman you mention, and 'twas said she disappeared more than ten years ago. No one knows, nor ever will, how long after he left her near Salem, Oregon, ere her brain turned. He used to invite me often to go out on the bay, telling me at what hour to meet him. I was prompt, but he had gone, telling me after he returned that I came too late. One time, I determined to go hours ahead of time, in fact to take the first boat and keep out of sight. He was on the boat, and ere it landed, a great burly man approached him stealthily. Donnallen did not look at him, but stood near, chewing his mustache on one side, while he talked from the other corner of his mouth. The man's lips just moved. Donnallen then gave him a large roll of money, slipping it quietly into his hat, and moved off with the crowd. I watched the man long, then he disappeared, and I was not detective enough to solve the mystery. Now I believe he was Kate Sterling's keeper.

"Have been told he married his cousin Lucy. As I compare notes, their lives and mine, the keenness and cunning with which he preys upon his victims, then outwits justice or rather runs to

escape justice, I believe he is a fiend in human form. There is nothing to him but selfishness; he will sacrifice anyone for an hour's pleasure."

Said he, "You amaze me, I never knew of any other wife than the maniac. I would consult a lawyer if what you tell me is true, for you can hope for no generosity from him."

They arrived home safe and well. Helen found many kind, sympathizing friends, and "Well, who has not found a Judas."

CHAPTER XXIX.

BONONCINI.

Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel,
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange this difference should be
Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

J. Byrom.

Helen consulted an eminent lawyer. He thought it was the most infamous, inhuman and brutal case he ever knew. He made inquiries and learned she was reliable, then advised with his law partner, who proved to be an old school friend of Mr. Hilton's, and was born in the same town. He thought, as they were so severe with the Mormons, they could not regard the case

lightly, they would be constrained to be severe. She has no money to fight the case, her wisest plan will be to settle.

"Tell her he shall go into his pocket deep, if she will settle."

Helen answered, "No, she had only asked for justice."

She was introduced to another lawyer keen and independent, who questioned her carefully, then with biting sarcasm, informed her she was wrong. She was much confused, until she discovered he was counting two days to the Sacramento River, while in reality it was eight days. She showed him Mr. Hilton's picture.

There was nobility, he could read a character from the contour of the face: "he would fight, yes, face the jury like a man, full frank eye, nose clear cut and thin."

Reader, remember Helen's was retousse, or just a little inclined heavenward, as one of her uncles used to say.

Said he, "Mrs. Hilton, I will proceed in the regular form and notify him you propose to bring suit."

"No, no!" said Helen, "he will not fight except when he has the advantage, or when he is driven into a corner."

For proof of her statement she referred him to some prominent men. However, he did as he thought best. The honorable gentleman ignored

the lawyer, and sailed from Boston for the continent of Europe, not returning to America for five years.

A few weeks later, Jim Le Grand, arrived at Salt Lake City, and called at the home of Helen, saying, "You will have to leave New York City and its inmates behind, and come with me to Russia, where a certain old man has gone to peddle axel-grease, while he has left his adorable heart smasher to her own devices," after which he burst into suppressed laughter. Continuing, "He authorized me to say, your case was hopeless. He took your trunk at Panama, and destroyed its contents with his own hands, marriage certificate, all letters from home, and everything that would criminate him, or proof of evidence in your favor. But there were certain letters in your possession, some five or six, he was aware of, that if you would give up to him, he would give you \$5,000, if you refuse, you may starve, for he consulted his able advisors, who told him to remain away five years, and you could not touch him as the marriage would be outlawed. Give the letters at once into my hand, and I'll give you the \$5,000, or take the consequences."

"Do you mean to threaten me?" cried Helen, her eyes flashing with anger.

"I mean you shall understand. He will do with you as he has with many a woman before you."

"You say that, when for years you spoke of him as the soul of honor?"

"Well," said he, "I am not squeamish about such things, was not aware he was a married man, but knew he was immoral, but never imagined he would prefer those polluted creatures, to a young, pretty stainless girl. Have known other men as wild as he, reform after marriage."

"Why do you not say as much to the world?"

"It is not expedient, he is influential. I cannot offend him, were he dead I would help you get your thirds."

"You don't want to return to your old home and work. Your people have met with reverses. Better take the money, he no longer loves you. He said you were the sweetest girl he ever saw, but now the racket was over, his passions satiated, he did not think the whistle was——"

Rising to her feet said she, "There is the door, just beyond is the gate, lose not a moment in reaching it."

He left.

Helen now employed a detective, telling him to go East, and cover every inch of the ground, and not hesitate to tell her all. He need not spare her sensibilities. He returned with the information that the desertion had been intentional, determined upon years before it occurred. Mr. Hilton had said, "He was a fool to give her his whole heart when he intended a separation sooner

or later, but it was useless to make her unhappy by explaining to her that it would come. She was the best and kindest girl that ever lived, and when the time came for him to leave her, he realized there were people that would shoot him at sight, so he decided upon the tour South, bade her farewell, and allowed the world to judge her, knowing her youth and pretty face would fill gossips with a consuming jealousy; and being a stranger, it would be long ere she would know of it, a sufficient time to ruin her reputation. He said, "My arrangements usually have been so quietly made, that no obstacle has occurred," but he anticipated trouble here, saying, "If that girl appeared on Broadway with only an Indian blanket for covering, he would warrant her to come out of the slough and find warm friends among the best people. She has never in her life been associated with immorality, while Mrs. Grundy may snub, be sure she will rise above it. You can't keep that family down, it is not in the blood. Look at the friends she made South?"

"He dropped you as he did, hoping that rumor would announce that he had cause, and finish the work he commenced.

"Should he remain absent five years and neither communicate with, nor support you, then he is free by law.

Helen now secured a large class in music,

and devoted all her time to work, as she had some debts to pay. There was plenty of "Mrs. Grundy," but she was not eager to convince them of her innocence. She had many friends who never gave an entertainment, that she was not one of the first to be invited. But she never accepted, she did not like one sided friendships, and worked too hard for her money to spend it in fine clothes and parties.

She had a class of lovely girls, and many married ladies; they were most considerate, always sending her word if they could not take a lesson, also inviting her to places of amusement, and socially calling on her, so they became warm friends.

Two years passed, and Helen received a newspaper mailed at Brighton, England: it was Donnallen's handwriting; opening it, there was a story marked, "The marriage of a young girl, to a rich old man, their journey by stage-coach to San Francisco."

She judged he had it written, for in every particular it was their marriage.

Two more years passed, she had constantly taught all day and into the evening, walking home when the moon had risen in radiant splendor flooding the valley with smiling light, or when on a clear night the heavens were glittering with stars. Who could gaze continually upon such beauty and not find it restful. Spring

of 1877 had come, four years and a half since Donnallen sailed away, and never a word, when one day there came a letter from him, with a check for fifty dollars.

She took it to a lawyer. He said, "You are his wife for another five years."

June came, she was very tired of teaching, and determined to take a few months rest in California; it was ten years since she left there, she had ceased to correspond with any of her friends.

San Francisco had become such a large city, for several days she had to enquire her way, but she found all her special friends. So soon as she found one, the others came to see her; although a teacher, none alluded to it, but made her just as welcome as if she had vast wealth. She visited her old teachers, and the school girls, all of whom had homes of their own. In January 1878, she began to teach there, deciding for the present not to return to Utah.

CHAPTER XXX.

In gentle love the sweetest joys we find:
Yet even those joys dire jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.

Lord Littleton.

One day in March, having some business that required attention in San Francisco, Helen hurried to the railway station. As she stepped upon the platform to go aboard the train, a sudden impulse made her run back the length of four cars and enter the door at her left.

The first person she saw, was Donnallen Hilton, chatting with Mr. Smith, a partner in his line of "Sound Steamers," and two young men, strangers to her.

She took a seat near the centre of the car, while they sat near the door.

Hilton looked at her for a few moments, earnestly, with mouth wide open. As the train neared the wharf, he arose and advanced towards her with his face just beaming.

He exclaimed, "Thank God, Oh my darling! I have looked at you every moment since you entered the car, for there was something in your manner that reminded me of my Helen, although

there is not a look left of the bright faced blue eyed girl.

"Do you know the sunlight never appeared so bright, and everything seemed changed to me since that day, while no night has passed that you have not stood looking at me, as you looked that morning at Richmond, eight years ago. The event has no doubt long since faded from public mind, but what a weight it has been to me."

He excused himself to the men, one whom he called March Ketchem. Then he invited her to his rooms at the Palace Hotel.

He clasped her to his heart in an embrace like death, while tears rolled down his cheeks. "I cannot help them but they are tears of joy. Thank God! for the delay this morning, for it has returned my wife to me. Ocean, seas and desert shall not again separate us. There is nothing to prevent our happiness, if there ever was! But there was not. They lied to you Helen, you are the only wife I ever had, and I am your own lawful husband.

"I should not have left you as I did. It was wrong, for you were very young. I should have explained, I should not have allowed you to go out into the world alone and penniless, but you will forgive me? I have bitterly regretted my conduct."

He had a careworn haunted look, for which Helen had a sincere sympathy.

She told him she had heard from him direct but once in five years.

He answered, "I know you are all I ever imagined you to be, and that you have been good and true all these weary years.

"You are the only person on earth I ever loved but my mother. I have seen prettier women, but you to me are lovely as an angel. Never has any other woman inspired such feelings; your frankness and purity won my heart. The first glimpse of you made me your slave, observation taught me you were good and pure, while your reputation was the best. I registered a vow to make you my wife, and looked well to it that no one should get ahead of me. All these years you have been to me the dearest person on earth. Yet my conduct I cannot explain.

"Great God! You don't know all I have passed through, my pillow has been thorns, thorns. And many a time, I would have given all my fortune just for a chat with you."

"Indeed!" replied she, "I thought quite the contrary. That woman came to see me and insulted me cruelly; saying if it had not been for me, you would have married her, as you had shown her every attention. And Jim Le Grand told me the most infamous things."

"I never knew it, or should have silenced

them. We will forget them all, and live the rest of our days in peace, for you have suffered, too."

"Yes," replied she, "people have treated me with a roughness not possible to describe, they blamed me for everything; they seemed to expect of me that I should upon the occasion of a slight hint, completely change the order of things, as if the whole matter rested with me."

He censured himself severely, telling her to forget the past, "You will return home with me, dear? I shall explain to our friends all that seems strange, and the remainder of our days shall be full of rest and peace.

"Now if there is any request you have to make, name it, and I will grant it."

"Tell me truly, was our marriage real, or a sham?"

"It was genuine and bound us until death. It would be held legal in any state of the Union."

"Then take me where we were married."

"Do you know, darling, in all these years of sin and remorse, those months in our sweet little cottage home, are the only green spot in my memory?"

"Since we have been separated my days were mostly crowded with business, and there was little time for reflection, but at night you would haunt me. Sometimes when unable to sleep, would step out in the clear moonlight to have

the memory of the wedding fill me with regret. It is the heaviest sin on my soul, my sin to you.

"Do you know? There are acquaintances of mine, men, who have never taken me by the hand since that day. I have had business with them year in and out, but it is alwa, 'Mr. Hilton, I will see you at my office.' I would exchange all my other friends, for a friendly grasp of the hand from those men. I like integrity.

"Now Helen, you know Edward is dead. You remember a lengthy discussion we had at our home, after which followed a compromise?

"Well dear, I did not consider you a friend, that you opposed me, but have learned that you and my brother were my only friends. I carried out all my plans. Edward's failing health helped me nicely. You know they led me into the malstrom, then turned on me like tigers, and bled me until I gained nothing by the miserable transaction.

"Will listen to you in the future, have learned by gall and wormwood you are my truest friend; and inexperienced as you were, you read their character and designs, better than I did.

"Marriage should have the truest kind of friendship. You were a helpmeet for a lifetime, making our home happy. We will have it all over again and make our tastes, aims and sympathies kindred. We shall be the best comrades.

I shall try to recompense you for the past, and you will help me out of this slough?"

"Shall we go now and advertise our marriage?"

Helen thought if she aided him, it would be best for the present not to allow "those men," to know she was against them. She could assist him best, if they were not aware of it.

Then said he, "We will go to dinner." Just then Helen looked up and there looking through the transom was "March Ketchem."

Donnallen turned as white as if chiseled in marble, and there were great drops of perspiration on his brow.

"Never mind, dear!" said Helen, "It is a contemptible little wretch who will follow people and listen."

"But if he should repeat to our enemies the conversation?"

"Defy them, they are guilty with you."

After dinner they took the train for San Jose. Going to a large hotel Donnallen said it was the same, and the same room, where they had accommodations in 1865, but had changed name and proprietor, and been much enlarged.

She went along the street to the Parsonage, but it was all a business street, and the convent was not to be found, as it was then. Everything was changed, excepting the flowers.

They heard, every few moments, a giggle back of them, Donnallen said they were being followed

by a son of Jim Le Grand, he saw Jim leave the train, but had not noticed him before, immediately after he spoke to his son, who came aboard the train and had followed them all the way.

Helen asked her husband if he sent her the paper from Brighton, England, and if he had the story written?

He replied he read the story, marked and sent to her, as it was a true story of their marriage, he imagined she had written it for his benefit.

The story was probably written by a mutual friend, a newspaper correspondent who was a sojourner in London at that time.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp, in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Tennyson.

Helen informed her friends of the accidental meeting with her husband, and of his request that she should return with him to his home.

All said they could not advise, but would fear to trust a dog that had bitten them; if she

decided to return with him, they wished her every happiness, that he was surely old enough to behave himself.

She answered that his leaving her had left a stain upon her reputation, that would cling to her, unless he acknowledged her to the world, which he now seemed anxious to do. He had vast wealth, she was not growing younger and was tired of hard work, and had promised to become reconciled to him and his friends if possible, if not, they two would spend the remainder of their days together. His friends had been her enemies secretly long ere her marriage. For her sake, he proposed to ask them to receive her, if they did not, he would live without them.

His nephews and nieces, children of his sister, objected to her childhood friends and surroundings, which she would not relinquish for them, it was late to cry out about one's family so many years after the ceremony. The truth of the matter was, "money:" it nearly killed his relatives if she had a square meal at his expense. They all counted just how much that would amount to if banked and if she were out of the way it might be. All their fuss about her surroundings reminded her of an old negress who was the property of Brigham Young, President of the Mormon Church. He did not believe in slavery, and gave her and her husband freedom. When her children played with a youth whom

she did not like, she would say, "Come in hea' chillen yer moals il be ruined, wen yer wuz born on de topmos' bough ob de tree ob knolige, how can yer play wid common trash."

Helen told Donnallen to go home and consult his friends, and on his next visit she would return with him. He was to quietly undo the wrongs he had committed, break away from his evil associates and begin life anew.

He said he wished first to settle upon her a wife's dower, so she would not have to drudge any longer for a living.

Should anything happen to him, she would find enemies. Edward left Mary's children a large fortune, and Tom the eldest was very exacting, putting him to great expense and trouble; that was the misfortune of being in partnership. But he was selling the "Sound Steamers," and so soon as the transaction was closed, he should make ample provision for her future.

He left on the morning train, giving her forty dollars, and said he would send that sum monthly until he returned. A small sum, when you remember he paid taxes on "twenty million."

Some time passed and then Helen received a letter, on the envelope was written, "If not delivered, return to Skinner," opening she read:

"NEW YORK CITY.

"DEAR HELEN.—I can't, I can't," no signature.

Which being translated meant, "I have made the offer proposed. That is to break from my associates, and they have bound me in chains."

She resolved to stand by him now, come weal or woe, but knew she must "bide her time."

Soon after this he came for her, they returned to New York City together, but did not keep house, that was postponed until his business should be settled. He informed her that his friends did not wish to know her, said, "Let them go Helen, they are "hogs." A pet phrase of his, and Edward's. "All they have on earth they owe to me, I hate them all. But mother, but for her memory have not a relative for whom I have the slightest affection. We can live without them."

There was no more false names, it was Mr. Hilton and wife, or Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, for she looked at the register when they traveled.

He seemed contented, but still wore that haunted look; when she asked him why, he said he was troubled, as he had cheated one old man who deposited with him, out of one hundred thousand dollars, and that the poor old fellow trusted him so, had such implicit confidence in him.

Said she, "Return the money and be at rest."

"Well, if I do so, there will be little left for you."

While he was so troubled and seemed to be

fair and honorable she did not ask him for money, nor was she at all lavish, but was very economical.

Donnallen urged her to visit with him, the old places they used to be familiar with, and note the wonderful improvements. Something marvelous happened, he gave her a Christmas present. A bar pin with forget-me-nots in turquoise and pearl, and upon the anniversary of her birth, a tiny diamond ring and earrings, the three costing perhaps seventy dollars.

Life was uneventful and amicable until one day in August, 1881. Before leaving for his office, he came to Helen, looked at her long, then stooped and kissed her forehead several times, turned to the window, gazed upon the passing throng, then said:

"Helen, I cannot give you money, the children," meaning Mary's, "will not permit it, but I have cut off some 'coupons,' from some bonds of mine, which no one else has a right to, and shall give them to you. They are for your board and washing for a term of years, they are due quarterly, and you may put them away for a rainy day; of course I shall pay all your expenses.

"Now as I have to account for everything, will you give me a receipt for them?"

"Let me read the receipt," after which she said, "if it is important, yes. Hand me the ink."

"No hurry, next week, or month will do, now farewell until dinner."

Several days after this, he asked Helen to go with him to the Equitable Building on Broadway, he wished her to go to the top and see the splendid view. After this he went into the "Safety Deposit Building," where he said he had a large vault, and he would hand her the "Coupons," which he had cut off the bonds the week before. He gave the pass word, which was the one he had told her to use in case of his death.

Handing her the coupons, and telling her to put them in a safe place, as they could be burned or lost. She said, "Where is the receipt you wished me to sign?"

"No consequence, at any time."

He showed her all over the building explaining the vaults, and all about depositing there; then a man spoke to him, and he answered. "yes;" turning to Helen he said, "Come with me to that tall building opposite, have some business there." Going into the elevator upon the second floor, a man entered saying, "Hello Donnallen! This is an unexpected pleasure, come with us, let us have some fun, just arrived from New Hampshire this morning."

By this time they had reached the sixth story, Donnallen said, "Helen, dear, I must take the fellow to lunch, so will not return until dinner."

By the way, I guess you may as well sign the receipt. Step into this office, I know the man, and can borrow pen and ink; he held the receipt she had read in his hand, but put it into his pocket again. He said to a red-haired man, who came forward, "She would like to sign a receipt."

The man said to her, "Have you read it, madam?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hilton. Helen signed without again looking at the receipt and handed it to her husband.

He handed it to the lawyer who had it witnessed, sealed with red tape and wax, and returned to Donnallen.

"What does all this mean? Let me look at the paper?" asked Helen.

The red-headed man replied, "Simply a receipt, but the business way of doing such things."

Helen returned to the hotel, and fell to speculating as to what all that maneuvering could mean; it was something she could not account for, but there was method in it all, and the face of the man who first spoke to Mr. Hilton seemed familiar and filled her mind with thoughts of those outlaws she used to see with Donnallen, and a few moments reflection convinced her she was right.

While the man who addressed him in the elevator, she finally remembered was a man she

had seen at her husband's bank, in the sixties. She grew weary of speculating, without being able to come to any conclusion, and took up a book, in a few moments was deeply interested, and read on until Donnallen returned for dinner.

Soon after this Mr. Hilton informed Helen business called him to Boston, he should be absent three days; they would go to Lord and Taylors, where she was having a black silk dress made, he would pay the bill before leaving on the evening train.

Returning, he asked Helen to read the newspaper aloud until dinner, which she did.

When time to leave the house, he took her in his arms and kissed her lips, brow and cheeks, went towards the door, returned, gazed at her sometime, tenderly kissed her, returned the third time saying, "Whatever happens, remember darling that I always loved you," and was gone.

Time passed and he did not return. She did not know where to address him, but called at his office, when the man informed her he had sailed for Europe.

She had visited some very distant connections at North Greece, New York. She had been taught the Rochester people were a little better than most Eastern people, and she had taken a resolution that no power could alter, that she would never return West, until everything was

explained, or she was divorced. So concluded this would be a nice place to remain.

She returned to Greece, and engaged board with the family, the wife being most kind and sympathetic. Her mother, who was a very nice gentlewoman, was also kind. Their rooms were on the same floor, and the doors were open between. She had recently lost her husband and was glad to have Helen so near her.

Mrs. Bank urged Helen to go out as much as possible, and always took her to drive, telling her not to grieve over the trouble, and hope for the best.

Some months passed, and one day she received a letter mailed at New York City. Opening it, she found written upon a Western Union Telegraph blank this message:

"Helen, have been tendered the position of Governor. If you will permit me to say you were my —, I will make you rich, and you may travel and have every wish gratified. So many know the past, I dare not accept without your consent. All I ask is that you remain silent, no matter what I say. Don't want the office for the salary, but the honor. Answer old address." No signature.

She wrote, "If you have grown weary of me, and forsaken me, say so publicly, divorce me, and I'll never trouble you. When you married me, there was not a blemish on my reputation.

Will not sell my good name. Your wife until divorced."

Now was seen the character of Mr. Bank, who thought her a fool not to take the money.

Mr. Hilton replied upon a scrap of paper, written with lead pencil, "Better have granted my request."

She now consulted lawyers, until she thought them all blockheads, and resolved to wait until she could be introduced to an experienced one.

Meanwhile, she saw by a paper that Mr. Hilton had gone to Europe. She was in deep distress and mortification but could only wait.

Mrs. Bank advised her to travel and introduced her to some friends who were going to Europe for a three months "Tour," sailing in May '82. Helen had some money coming to her from home, and decided to join them.

In February she met an old friend, who informed her that a rumor had reached him that Mr. Hilton was soon to marry a woman in New Hampshire, he could not tell the particulars.

Helen procured a Concord directory. From it learned the address of prominent people. Writing them, "That she was the wife of Donnallen Hilton. That he left her with the intention of returning in three days. Rumor had reached her that he was soon to be married. She "Forbade the banns," and respectfully requested that the ministers and prominent men

would carefully investigate her statement ere they allowed the ceremony to take place. Among those people, was the Eastleigh family.

She received only one reply, that was that Mr. Hilton was in Europe.

May 30th came, and she sailed away to England. Upon the ocean, she was more dead than alive, but upon reaching the other shore she enjoyed herself well as she was capable of doing.

She looked at the registers, found Mr. Hilton had been there and the Eastleigh woman was with him, but they had gone ere she arrived.

At Cologne the party embarked on the Rhine steamer "Kaiser Wilhelm." The day was perfect, no description can do justice to the beauty of the river, that winds in and out between mountains terraced almost to the top with vineyards and capped with castles or ruins. The scenery is most magnificent, the legends bewitching. The season was at its height, so the steamers, cities, streets and places of resort, were crowded with gay travelers. It was cool and delightful sailing on the river. As their boat neared "Fair Bingen," a steamer was passing. A gentleman of the party was saying to Helen, "Bingen forms the frontier between Hesse and Prussia. The scenery here is most beautiful, there is a Ferry across the river, it was the junction of ——. Helen involuntarily took his glass from his hand, and leveled them upon a man who stood alone on the

boat viewing the moving panorama. She was sure it was Donnallen, and the glass brought him so near, she could see the expression of his face.

Said the gentleman, "A friend of yours?"

"My husband."

"Ah, a romance!"

Again, in Paris, when walking through the Champs Elysees, she saw him looking with admiration upon the splendid buildings, clean streets, and magnificent Arch. She advanced toward him. He moved rapidly away, as he turned to enter a building he saw her.

Her carriage passed him once again. When at night the sights of the beautiful city illuminated are indeed wonderful. She could not learn where he was stopping.

She returned to America, taught school in New Jersey, was called to Salt Lake City on business, returned to New York State, but did not board with the Banks, as their daughter had been married and lived at home. They wrote her recommending her to board with the Robbs at North Parma.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NORTH PARMA.

But who can paint like nature!
Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Thompson.

It was midday in January, 1886. The sun shone clear and bright, when Helen reached the pretty little village of North Parma, with its four church spires, towering above the housetops. There came to the station to meet her, Jack and Harry Robb. The latter had volunteered to bring her, with her baggage to the farm.

So entering the large sleigh, they drove through the village, and entered a long lane, such as are peculiar to York State.

On each side of the road, some distance apart, were the farm houses, with flower beds and kitchen gardens near them, and broad patches of pasture land, while back of each lay masses of ~~roads~~ ^{woods}, winding in and out from which was a clear stream of water, whose banks were glistening with ice, the snow was beautifully white in contrast to the city snow covered with dust and cinders. Some of the homes were very

pretty with their hedges and rows of trees shading the entrance to the door. Driving two miles they turned on to another road which could be seen straight ahead for miles, with the farm houses on each side, and the old school houses at intervals. The fields of stubble were covered with ice, and in the sunlight sparkled like jewels, and was beautiful as if touched by a fairy's wand. In every direction was a beautiful, peaceful picture. A half mile of this and they arrived at the Robb cottage, very old, but new to the present occupants. Arriving at the door Helen asked Mr. Harry Robb, the amount of his bill for herself and trunk. He replied, "Nothing." He considered it a christian duty to be neighborly, and as she was to be an inmate of his brother's home he should make no charges anyway."

She replied, that she was willing to pay. She believed in reciprocity, but one boarding could not well exchange civilities.

He said, "It is all right," then extending an invitation for all to dine with them on the morrow, he left.

The family with whom Helen was to sojourn indefinitely was small. Mr. and Mrs. Robb, and an adopted girl, from the lowest ranks in life, and too gross to be mentioned here. Mrs. Robb, on her father's side was distantly related to Helen. Mr. Robb had the reputation of a man of integrity. After tea, there was heard a rapid step on

the frozen ground, a knock and as Mr. Robb bade him come in, Mr. True said "Good evening," in a clear good humored voice asking if they had any commission, as he was going to the village presently. Turning to Helen, "How does our country impress you?"

"As pleasant and novel, my life has been passed in cities, and among rugged mountains, so these rural scenes are quite new."

Then in a tone of courtesy, he named the members of his family and gave her a brief sketch of his antecedents said his wife would soon call and welcome her to the neighborhood. Helen returned the courtesy with equal frankness upon which they discovered they had mutual friends.

The next evening they attended a concert. The first Sunday they attended the Baptist Church. Helen found the minister eloquent and said she would prefer to attend there, but would go where they went so as not to be a trouble to them; "but understand I shall neither change my politics nor my creed."

She now entered upon a very uneventful life, but found in the True family warm friends and among some of the neighbors very pleasant acquaintances.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GOING TO NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Now he in fact was rich? Nor could he move,
But he was followed by the looks of love; follow'd,
All he had suffer'd every former grief,
Made those around most studious in relief;
He saw a cheerful smile in every face,
And lost all thoughts of error and disgrace.

Crabbe.

Helen was sitting out near the cherry tree in which the birds sang, hopped and twittered merrily. When Hagar came hurriedly toward her, saying, "Listen to this:

"Hon. Donnallen Hilton will arrive tomorrow at —— having been absent in Egypt three years." Go Helen, at once to the town, and see who he is, who knows but he may be your runaway husband? I would make any sacrifice, were I you, to know for certain! You will have time to reach Rochester in time for the fast express."

Without a moment's delay, Helen made ready for the journey, catching the evening train. Early morning, they changed cars for Concord, New Hampshire. She found among the passengers, many of Hilton's old friends. As they seemed to hide their faces in their newspaper,

only peeping at her, when they fancied she was not looking, judged she was going to her husband.

Arriving at Concord she made inquiries in regard to this man, and was amazed to find no one knew him; at last meeting a fine looking young man, she asked him if he knew aught of Mr. Hilton.

He replied, "Never heard of him until recently," but he handed her a little paper from which she read. "This little town was nothing until Hon. Donnallen Hilton redeemed the neighboring plain, into city lots and gave it a name, adorned two public squares, in fact devoting his life to acts of charity. He is the Great Railroad King, his life reads like a romance. Going to the West Indies as a boy, amassing a fortune, after which he now repaired to the East, returning on board the bark Donnallen Hilton, which he had himself equipped, he set sail for home, laden with a collection of princely presents which he claimed he obtained in the Oriental countries through which he had traveled; owing to his generous gifts, and vast wealth, he now became one of the most prominent men of his state. All that was needed, was his signature, and low! His President was placed in the chair during the eventful period of a presidential canvass. He did good service to his town, by preventing a Republican P. M. taking office, and

placed instead a man of his party. At this time his popularity was immense, he was the particular idol of the boys, who beheld in him a bulwark between the two parties. They tendered his name for Governor, not for the salary, but for the honor. Curiously enough he received but one vote, thereby showing the indifference and ingratitude of the people. He, however, lived in princely magnificence, etc. He has adorned the squares with fountains and statues. There is no place, with the exception of New York, contains so many interesting remains of antiquity. Among others are the "monuments," which he has erected, also an old church in the primitive style, remarkable for its sounding board and antiquity, removed to the Fair Grounds."

Arriving at the town she could read no further. Asking the way to the hotel, she turned a corner, and there it was in view, and a little beauty. Entering the parlor, she asked the Proprietor if she could have ink and paper and a messenger boy to deliver her note. He soon returned with the remark, he would send the bell boy in a moment.

She wrote, "Mr. Hilton, I desire a few moments conversation with you, as you seem much engaged, will detain you only a few moments.

Your wife,

HELEN HILTON."

Addressing it, handed it to the Proprietor,

who returned soon, saying it would be half an hour ere Mr. Hilton would arrive.

Helen went out. She found it a small town, with several churches. The private houses were for the most part very small but well built, some pretty and cosy, some beautiful and home-like. Upon a hill overlooking the town was a residence large as a hotel. Asking a passer-by to whom it belonged, bowing to the earth, he replied, "Hon. Donnallen Hilton."

The fountains played, the fishes swam happily in the marble ponds. There were grottoes full of ferns, with a fountain playing in the center, and there were walks, with ivy hedges, from which graceful venuses and appolloes peeped out. The grounds sloped on all sides down to the river. It was not quaint or old-fashioned at all, everything was modern. There was a town hall and a picture gallery, but one could not say much for the beauty of the Hiltons if their portraits speak truly.

All the while Helen was wondering if this was the man who had robbed her of name and title. There was no longer doubt of it. There he was driving toward the hotel. She had a splendid view of him. Returning to the hotel, there entered a loud-voiced brute of a man whom the proprietor introduced as Mr. Eastleigh. Turning to her, he said, "Old woman, Hon. D. Hilton has deputed me to interview you. He is too busy."

"My business is not with you, sir, but with Donnallen Hilton, my husband. He married me in 1865, and I have never been divorced."

"Nevertheless he has sent his message by me."

"Then," replied she, "I will call the proprietor, he will be a witness."

Taking from her pocket a letter to the Masonic Lodge grand-master, she handed it to him, with the remark if he could not remain in the parlor while the man was present, to please send a messenger with that letter, providing the person was in town. He replied respectfully that however busy, he would remain with her. The following extract from a dialogue between Mrs. Hilton and Eastleigh will convey some idea of the character of the man.

Returning to the parlor, Eastleigh said, "My daughter married Donnallen Hilton; I am his father-in-law," with a bow reaching to the floor.

Helen replied: "Donnallen Hilton married me. I have never been divorced. He left me one day saying he would be absent three days. The next I knew a rumor reached me he was going to marry. I wrote you, your ministers and Hilton, forbidding the banns; and you shall not put me down as a bad woman. If he prefers your daughter, let him publicly declare it."

He swore frightfully, then said, "Who cares? My darter has got him. You squawk till you choke, and see how much good it will do you."

My darter has the old man under her thumb, yes, her t-h-u-m-b," was his refrain, at the end of each oath. "I am his father-in-law! My darter has got him, she has got him! Why, they dine today, three governors and ten judges. My darter married him, and I told him to fix the old woman so she could not squeal, and if he ain't done it, he has deceived his father-in law! Anyway, she got him under her thumb, and you d—— old woman, when do you intend to leave this town? I'll call in the boys and drag you to the police court."

"Take me there soon as you like. I came for justice. Tell your story and I'll tell mine; and be sure if there are any men in New Hampshire who respect their wives and daughters, they are in honor bound to stand by me."

"Hon. Hilton won't! Not while his pa lives! not while his pa lives! We have him where if he squirms it will be a hot day for him," with oaths. "Now, old woman, I understand your daughter is about my age. That is what the people here tell me. Well, you old woman, leave this town, or I'll call in the boys to kill you. If our boys killed you, Hon. Hilton stands so high there ain't no law in New Hampshire to touch him nohow."

"You cannot know me," replied Helen. "Here are three letters to the lodges, and they will protect me. Those same governors would not dare refuse, even as Hilton's guests. All the years

Judge Doty lived, no mason ever appealed to him in vain, and there is scarcely a lodge in America not obliged ^{affected} to him, and they are bound to be civil to me, his grandchild."

"I defy all of them. My son-in-law don't belong to one of them, so they can't be much."

"Nevertheless," replied she, "I will hand one of these to my husband's guests, and you may find whoever practices deceit is apt to find it reflect to their own discomfort and mortification. However deeply they sympathize with your daughter, they are under obligations to me. I married him in good faith, with no idea he was a knave."

He interrupted her with, "Three governors and ten judges to dine today."

"This is the first time your city ever saw a governor?"

"No, but the first visit."

"Oh, then it will take time to recover."

"Now, old woman, if you don't leave, we—the boys—will tear you limb from limb."

"You would no doubt like to," she replied, "but I have friends in New Hampshire, and know the people are not totally depraved, although today they may be dazzled. Your daughter has magnificent houses, carpets of velvet pile, hot-house flowers, fine horses, luxurious carriages; she has plenty of well-paid servants; she does nothing for herself; she enjoys choice wines,


costly dishes, elegant dresses, plenty of society, who applaud her for her money, and she knows it, you know it. You know it is the best thing on earth. Honor, love, integrity, fame cannot compare with money, while I, his wife drudge constantly for the clothes I wear and shelter. Few know how plainly and poorly I fare, teaching many weary hours, and stitching until late at night to keep my wardrobe respectable."

"Y-e-s," said he, "and another thing we'll bring against you, you were raised among the Mormons; that will bring you enemies," with language too foul to be expressed.

"You go to Utah," she replied, "to be shocked; you people, when your men leave their wives in the lurch, elope with the new love, and the law does not punish them, nor is public opinion severe for people who act in that fashion, but laughingly says the end justifies the means. Bah, you hypocrites!"

"Now, old woman, y-o-u jes leave here at once," threateningly.

Helen was as immovable as a rock, until the proprietor of the hotel remarked, "As well bay at the moon as try to have justice from this people. They know this man and his daughter, and they know you. They have accepted her; you might just as well leave. You are not the first forsaken wife who has cried out here for justice."



Helen answered she thought she could not endure it, but would now until she obtained justice. She had not asked for more.

"Well, you can't receive it here, where the people have accepted his gifts."

"Well, it seems to be quite fashionable with you to sneeringly speak and point to one as a Westerner. All seem to imagine it cute, and have no conception of their rudeness to an entire stranger; yet all Western people came from the East, and the very cream of the East. But just so sure as my name is Helen, so sure will the people of this town one day blush for this interview. I am not fitted to cope with a brute like Eastleigh, but he cannot intimidate me." She sincerely hoped the majority of the people were not like him.

As it was evening, he said he would see her to the cars. As they walked there, she noticed at some distance from the house was a small lake, lying part in gloom beneath a rank overgrowth of shrubbery, and the summer-house was reflected in the water, from the light of the moon. Turn where you would were his gifts of selfishness. All his life long he had dreamed of this. He would when ready make his country folks beautiful gifts, so winning fame, for among the people of his birth country there were none who did not rush to bid him welcome, with music, fruit and flowers, while they treat him with great forbear-

ance. He ascribes it to a wish on their part not to offend him, so he is filled with pride and self-conceit, and never for a moment imagines that his evil ways are passed by from a purely selfish motive—they want his money.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONCORD.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.
Dryden.

As the train moved from the station, Helen saw Hilton driving leisurely along, so that the people might view them. His carriage was costly, and drawn by bays, groomed until they looked as if oiled. His thoughts seemed to be upon his rich, wide lands, his great woods, his lake and far-reaching fells. The train stopped a moment, and he passed so near her she read in his face, "There are times when I cannot realize that all this is mine," and he smacked his lips and breathed forth a full, short breath, as he had often done upon closing a business transaction, in which he had the best of the bargain.

Arriving at the Concord Station, Helen left the train, took a carriage to the hotel. As it was late, went at once to her room, where she

expected to burst into tears, as it had been with difficulty she could repress them all day. Removing her wraps, she took out a clean handkerchief, sat down, and then the great, pompous, ridiculous brute came to her mind, and his boasts of "I am his father-in-law;" and as he would swell out like a great toad, it struck her as funny, and instead of weeping, she burst out into a merry peal of laughter, and in her heart came pity—akin to contempt—for the woman possessed of such a man and such a father. Then she went to tea, then retired.

In the morning, buying a paper, she read this of Mr. Hilton:

"After a continuous round of ovations, the party entered the carriages and drove through the principal streets of the town to the fair grounds. Never in the history of New Hampshire was there anything to equal the demonstration given Hon. Mr. Hilton and his guests. Approaching the scene depicted here, the situation can be stated by saying, wherever D. Hilton appeared, the people were wild in their greeting, shouting, 'Long live Hon. D. Hilton,' and the band playing, 'Hail to the Chief,' whenever they caught a glimpse of his head above the mighty throng assembled along the streets.

"When order was finally restored, a procession such as few ever witnessed formed and marched to the grounds. Ascending the rostrum, Hon.

Hilton introduced the Governor of Massachusetts, the Governor of Maine, the Governor of New Hampshire and staff, while all the prominent men in New Hampshire were in the line of the procession led by Honorable Donnallen Hilton. After the speeches, the procession passed through the grounds, then formed and escorted Hon. Mr. Hilton and guests to the palatial Hilton Hall, where a banquet fit for the gods was enjoyed, after which a reception wound up the day's festivities.

"The city was full of strangers, looking with mingled wonder and delight at the flashing lights in Hilton Hall. The grounds were hung with magic lanterns, the fountains were playing, there was music at the entrance, as the carriages drove up to the gate and their distinguished occupants passed into the hall, which was glittering and brilliant.

"Madam Selina, his 'present wife,' stands under the chandalier, gorgeously attired in a royal purple velvet, en train, diamond stars in hair, on neck and wrists, while her fingers glittered with the same. She was pronounced superb in the splendor of her dress."

After breakfast, Helen called on some men of Concord. One, a young man, stood high in the estimation of the people. She introduced herself as Mrs. Hilton, and asked if he knew her husband, telling of her reception there, also of the

three times in her married life rumor had reached her that ere their marriage he was a married man; that she had asked the proprietor of the hotel, who was raised in that town. He replied he had never heard of such a wife, and Eastleigh had stated that he had never had a wife there until his daughter, and, that he had any children was false.

He replied he was a Concord man, and never heard of him until he advertised the Fair. Would inquire at ———, where he had acquaintances, and let her know the result. Also advised her to see a lawyer there; that the New Hampshire people were Christians, and would not countenance such a thing.

She replied she should see a lawyer, but had no faith that one of them would be just to her.

Soon after this she went to Boston, where she interviewed a mutual friend. He said she could do nothing with him there. She must look to some lawyer in New York State. Said Hilton had a wife long dead, who left a daughter and son, whom Hilton had married off. He had known the present wife for years; was in the town when Hilton acknowledged his marriage to Helen and his intention to publish it to the world; that they had a great tragedy for days; that Selina said "Oh, no, she would not give the old man and his millions up. She was not going to give him up because the old fool thought

he owed allegiance to the old woman, oh, no! She would place him under her thumb and keep him there. The old woman had had her last interview with him, and she would never forgive her for the last one." They were quietly married and went to Egypt. So far as money and display were concerned, his richest countrymen had not kept up with him. Eastleigh said "his darter was clear up to the top notch, was hob-nobin' with the great people of America. There was no power on earth like money. It had opened doors to them that had been closed for years."

The people called her coarse, ignorant and tough-skinned, but treated her with great consideration. She gave lavishly to the public institutions of showy things. Had given to the Soldiers' Home a service of silver, china, cut-glass and fine linen, which was the envy of many a New Hampshire housewife; and that they had no dread now of the forsaken wife, as the reception to the people had established her as lady par excellence of the town. But to the suffering, money they neither of them gave.

Helen replied, "Has Donnallen become so foolish, ignorant, coarse-fibered and soulless as to love that treacherous, low-born, base-bred creature, who is not even true to him, while he robbed me of name, friend and station, casting me adrift on the world, hoping despair would

plunge me, being helpless and penniless, into a circle worse than hell itself? I thought I could not bear it, but lived on, though all my youth, and soul, and hope were killed."

He said, "It is a lamentable fact that his gross offenses met only admiration among his friends in New Hampshire."

Helen replied it was wrong for ministers to tell wicked men they may go on in sin, and at the last, by confessing their sins as the church prescribes, they can be absolved. When a man is devoid of conscience, the conduct of men will influence, and when they do not condemn they encouraged it.

Her friend had been informed that Eastleigh said he "cared not for Helen nor the whole caboodle of her friends. No doubt the old woman would screech for a time, but if Hilton had fixed her so she could not squeal on them, he'd risk the thing. But while his father-in-law lived, by gosh he would lick him within an inch of his life if he tried his old games on his darter. No, d— — him, not while his father-in-law lived, jest remember that, boys."

Her friend also attended the dinner. It was a gorgeous spread. Selina sat at the head of the table, and snubbed the old man every time he spoke.

It was whispered around the table that Judge Doty's grand-child, Hilton's wife, was in town,

and one judge said, "What could have made him forsake his wife for that ignorant creature, who is abusive to him, while she revels in the luxuries his wealth procures for her?" And several of the company agreed to protect Helen should she appear on the scene during their stay.

Bidding him adieu, with a promise of his assistance, Helen now left for Rochester, and as the scenery was wild and solemn, she wiped away her tears and resolved upon her plan of action.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The cold neutrality of an impartial Judge.

Burke.

Arriving at Rochester, Helen told a friend of her reception and that Eastleigh had said to her that he informed her husband that he must fix the old woman so she could not squeal on them, and that under a pretence of signing a receipt, he had obtained her signature to a statement that she had never been his wife, nor the grand-child of Judge Doty, but an abandoned woman of Nebraska, who for the consideration of ten thousand dollars had lived with him for a season, and now released him from the contract. And they had taken her photograph and hung it

up in the hall of a brothel. With such a stain upon her reputation no decent lawyer would take her case.

He advised her to go to the Detective Bureau, and hire one of the men to go up to New Hampshire and steal the paper, also have him ascertain where her picture was exhibited, and obtain possession of it; that his charges would not be beyond her purse.

Going to the chief of police, and telling her story, he replied, "Her reception there proved her marriage, and that the paper, if he should produce it in court, was as good as a marriage certificate, to let him keep it. While all men knew if a woman was abandoned, it was not necessary to advertise her. No man ever had a witness to his visit to such creatures, nor were they ever known to take a receipt. She did not need a detective, but the advice of a lawyer.

He introduced her to one, who told her to write up the whole history of the case from the time of her introduction to him until the present time; and as his time was constantly occupied in court, she might aid him by looking up witnesses, writing to the hotels and find how they were registered. Also to look over her letters, and place all on file in the order written.

She now went to New York City, looked up the place where her husband asked her to step in and sign a receipt for him. She saw the sign,

"Notary for all States." Then she called upon an acquaintance, who was also an old friend of her husband. He said he was at the reception, but not aware she was there until too late to be of service to her. Regretted she did not visit the fair grounds, as several influential men had resolved to stand by her. Hilton had given the reception to this woman, who is the same he took to Europe in '71. "She is taller than you, and her foot is immense. She was gorgeous in purple and crimson velvet and gems, their idea of regal vestments. His residence is immense. The hall was lighted by a oriel window. On the wall near the door hung a cuckoo-clock. The walls of the drawing-room are two-stories high and covered with costly and brilliant wainscot. The carpets were in keeping with the walls, and the pile so deep I nearly lost my balance. There were branches of palm and potted plants strewn about, in token of her triumphs and victory over Mrs. Grundy. In the dining-room the mosaic work on the floor consisted of ornamental designs in the hard-woods of America. He pays thousands of dollars to his cook, and the table was gorgeous in cut-glass, china, silver and gold. The viands were the best the market offered, the wines of the costliest brands. Curtains of rich crimson silk swept to the floor, while all the carpets corresponded in their gorgeous hues with them. In the room where we left our coats,

above the French bedstead was raised a slight frame supporting a canopy of lace, which she informed us cost ten thousand dollars. Her room was gorgeous as the taste of the occupant. On the toilet-table was a full-length mirror, and the air of the apartment was heavy with the perfumes escaping from the crystal and gold flasks left purposely open. He has spared no expense. No woman in America has a more extensive home, more costly jewels, more expensive dresses, but many have them in better taste. She has her maid. They have been three times to Egypt to escape the suit. Cairo has been the fashionable resort. Returning to the Hall, she snubbed all her former friends, tossing her head and informing them she could no longer associate with the common herd. When her old man went off in a fit of apoplexy, she did not intend to reside in that nasty, little gossip town. Would sell the old place. It was more fit for a hotel than a residence. She knew her young one would get the old man's millions."

"Oh, the perfidy of that man whom I trusted implicitly!" said Helen, "To think while they lived like that he should leave me on the comfortless top floor of a first-class hotel, or a dismal, dreary, ill-smelling room in a third rate one. Why did he not divorce me, if he wished to be rid of me? I would not compel a man to live with me who wished to be free. Why should

they have sold me into bondage? Had I been divorced he could have married her, and each could have lied and cheated less. He took me from a home a million times better, fresher, brighter and higher up than anything I have had since, and while my youth drifted away from me I have drudged for a crust. The last time he ever spoke with me he said he loathed the sight of that woman, and that his most tranquilly happy hours were those spent in that Jersey home. Said he bitterly regretted his going to Europe and leaving me to starve, and that he was amazed that the delicacy of my complexion survived through years of hardship. He always became a slave to those people who were useful to him, and that brute of an Eastleigh has been."

"Your displeasure is righteous; but, Mrs. Hilton, excuse me if I tell you you have acquired a hardness and coldness in your manner which is repellant. You must rid yourself of it ere the suit begins. I shall do all I can to help you, and will try and interest some friends in your suit."

Helen thanked him, then said she read the people of New Hampshire spoke of Mr. Hilton as self-made. He had no armorial bearings."

"Yes," he replied, "while they flatter him so, they commend him to the lower regions, and really nothing can depict his villiany." While they were talking, a gentleman called at his

office, to whom he introduced Helen, at the same time giving a brief sketch of her troubles. He expressed sympathy, and advised her to have the suit in New York, saying he was at a club supper where Mr. Hilton was a guest; that he was shocked to hear him boast of his many wives; that he said when he fancied a woman, if he could not purchase, he married her. That among his many children was one son, who was possessed of executive ability; that he had told the boy who he was, and offered to acknowledge him and make him sole manager of all his business, and even be reconciled to his mother. But the boy spurned him. He also laughingly stated that having indirectly caused the death of several women, by suddenly leaving them to their fate, he had changed his tactics, and made their alienation so gradual that they would be unable to state at what moment or day, and say here was the beginning. He would begin by absenting himself on business, gradually remain longer and longer away, so that when the final separation came they would remain a long time uncertain as to any change in his relations to them, giving him the better opportunity to lay his plans. When they realized their situation, surprise and grief kept them for a time unable to act, and by the time they were ready to take the law upon him he entered his own train, boarded a steamer, and traveled as long as he pleased, usually with the

result that patience and money were exhausted, and he scott free. He did so in his desertion of you, did he not, Mrs. Hilton?"

"Yes," replied Helen. "I have never quite understood the dark mystery. You have made the circumstances quite plain to me. But I shall never be reconciled to the unhappy years passed with him, and remember with loathing the kindly pity, the hypocritical condolence or the insolent jeers with which people branded me as a deserted wife. Society looks upon such an event as much more shameful than to have lived a life of immorality."

"Does your own family esteem Mr. Hilton?"

"They do not even mention the name of the man, who has been to their home of such evil omen."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ROBB GOTTAGE AT NORTH PARMA.

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains,
'Tis the same with common natures;
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

A. Hill 1750.

Learning all she could in reference to the subject, she now returned to Parma. To Hagar's inquiries she replied that she was doing well; everything seemed to be working into her hand.

She now began the task of sorting and filing her letters. She noticed Hagar would come now and then and look over her shoulder. She would express sympathy for her and say, "As your eyes pain you so, let me read them for you." In many the date was omitted, but she could tell the year, as they were nearly all business letters. When all were read, she found there were nearly four hundred business letters, covering a period of seven years. She arranged them in seven packages, tied them separate, marking the years, then tied

all together, with several newspapers in reference to the subject, and placed in her trunk, leaving out several very important ones, which she placed in her safe deposit box in Rochester. This finished, Hagar said, "Now, the lawyer you have is influential, and will win the suit. How much of the Hilton money are you going to give me? If you don't promise me half, I'll work for Eastleigh. I have found out he is a Granger; I am a Granger, and can make his acquaintance without any trouble."

Helen replied she owed her nothing, neither would she purchase her. Bought friendship was not worth the having. If she wished to work for that brute and his daughter, to go ahead. "I'll give you nothing."

Helen was angry, and Hagar seeing she had gone too far, begged her pardon.

Helen saw that her trunk was securely locked, for she had lost faith in Hagar, and knew that if she offended her by leaving the house, she would be at war with all the family. But she watched her, and knew she was not only stealing her letters, but that she did not mail any. So Helen manoeuvred to mail all the letters. She several times sent money. The receipt came, looked all right, but upon investigation she found the money never reached the parties. Hagar was fond of prying, and seemed to have no conscience.

So Helen thought discretion the better part of

valor, and told her as she wished to correspond with a number of very old friends, and the letters would be numerous, she would find rooms at Rochester, remain there until she had finished her investigations, and not put them to the trouble of bringing her mail.

She found pleasant rooms, and was most successful, having prompt replies to all enquiries, and never missing a letter. Her time passed pleasantly, as, when she was obliged to remain in a darkened room, owing to the intense pain in her eyes, which sometimes lasted hours, a charming little lady had the room next hers, and would open the folding doors just ajar so as not to let in the light, and they would chat for hours. They had much in common. Each had met with reverses, and they were out of their element.

Mrs. Holmes was finely educated, well read and traveled, and she would talk of home until Helen seemed to know all the fair scenes in her beloved Canada.

At the rooms, twice a week, was the idol of one of the Parma churches, and whenever he passed Helen on the street he would join her and chat about music, saying he was studying, and could not pronounce the difficult names, and was deeply grateful for the hints she gave him.

She noticed wherever she went he seemed always going that way. It was evident he was watching her. One day he came to the rooms.

She was alone. He said, "I wish to ask your advice. I am in deep trouble, and cannot ask my mother for she knows no more about the subject than I do," and down he sat in her lap, right before the open window.

Helen said, "Where I was raised, no gentleman would be guilty of such a rudeness. But if you wish my advice, first tell me why you pursue me like my shadow."

"Why, Mrs. Robb asked me to; but you are all right. You see she believes you have money, and when you came into the city she asked me to follow you. You have money, too, for I saw you go into that safe deposit bank and come out with a lot of money and send it off by express."

"Do you think that is honorable? Hagar has not the slightest honesty. She is an intriguing schemer. I came into the city to be rid of her, without offending her, and as I expect a lawsuit any day with my husband, have been very circumspect, refusing all invitations to go out. In fact, since my husband forsook me, have never been out with a gentleman, unless a friend has requested her husband to take me, nor do I like the familiar way in which you accost me on the street, for although you claim to be very young, you must know I am not so old but Mrs. Grundy would talk."

He promised not to annoy her again; but

asked her advice in regard to his health, saying he feared his days were numbered.

She told him to consult a specialist, and there the subject ended.

By-and-bye Mrs. Robb came to see her, saying they received almost nothing for their apple crop, and they only had potatoes and a few oats beside. That she was to board the school teacher, and would she not return and board with them?

Helen replied, "You are well aware you have made my sojourn very unpleasant."

She did not know why. There had been a misunderstanding about nothing, and it should not occur again.

"How about your putting a spy upon me?"

This she stoutly denied.

So Helen again returned to Parma. The school teacher was quite frigid, but as the spring days advanced became somewhat friendly. When one day Helen passed through the dining-room and she heard Mrs. Robb say, "You must not be friendly with Helen. She is ——, and we are keeping her out of charity, hoping to reform her."

Helen was furious, and asked the teacher if she had not seen her twice pay Mrs. Robb thirty dollars. What do you imagine I gave it for if not for my board? Also telling some not very complimentary things that had been said about herself. Then in came a neighbor furious about

some reports she had just heard about herself as coming from Mrs. Robb.

"Oh!" said the latter, "never said a word in all my life," and there issued from her throat sounds of lamentation that were heard by two neighbors that were at work in the field a quarter of a mile away. Suddenly her face brightened. She said, "I never said that, it was Helen Hilton."

"Yes," replied Mr. Robb, "you know anyone will take my word. It was Helen Hilton. Just remember the circumstance. She told that yarn on your first visit here."

He was reliable, and Helen sank to zero in their estimation. But when there was a pause in the conversation, she said, Mr. True, you remember I left her, remaining away two years. It was while I was absent the lady came here. I never saw her, nor did I ever hear her name until you told me. You know when I left, as you took me to the train. Mrs. Robb told me upon my return just what the lady says she heard."

Mrs. Robb looked about. Seeing a large cushioned chair, with a loud whoop she tumbled into it.

She immediately consulted her pastor, and upon finding Helen packed ready to leave her house, she and Mr. Robb ordered her out.

Friendships of long standing were now

broken. Faith was transformed to mean doubt, and scandal, slander and gossip took on the features of black malevolence, so far as concerned Helen, for they realized she was alone, the whole church throwing upon her the burden of it all.

They were not content by mixing in the neighborhood, but they mixed in the young people of the village, making them believe Helen had designed a mournful shipwreck of their happiness.

Helen now engaged a home with Mr. and Mrs. Clive, very Christian people, who were most kind to her, although they were censured for being so. It was a refined home, and they mingled with educated people, and, most remarkable, were raised within ten miles of Hilton Hall.

The Baptist people and some of the Methodist were more than kind to her; but some of the young people made her life almost unbearable. They were not reasonably fair, but grossly abusive, and did not have a high ideal of social or intellectual life, while the Robb family were in fact the princes and princesses of Mephistopheles.

Helen tried now not to notice them, but after a time they seemed very friendly, coming to her to borrow some music for a church entertainment, asking for her contribution, urging her to attend, saying it was "noblest to forgive."

She thought best not to go, but lent the music, and contributed her mite towards paying

Miss Tarslop, from Fairport, the elocutionist, who caricatured Helen.

She was glad she did not attend. But calling upon the pastor she said, "I believe things have been misconstrued to you, and wish to explain that I am mixed up in an unpleasant broil with many members of your church, some who openly insult me. I do not even know their names, but humbled myself to say if I had offended them was very sorry. I did offend, unintentionally, one of your church people; but as I apologized, why not drop it?"

He replied it was wise to mind one's business.

At this Helen said sarcastically, "I did not come to beg for mercy, nor for you to continue the acquaintance, but to say that if what I said had wounded you, that it was not meant for your ears; but since you have heard it, I was sorry for the remark. In some unaccountable way I seem to be surrounded by falsehood, jealousy and treachery. While it would be pleasant, since fate for a time has placed me in your midst, to be friendly, I can very well live without your friendship, but do not think it fair, since you have nothing to complain of but that my opinions differ from yours, that your people should treat me and taunt me as I pass them in the street with such language as would lead a stranger who heard them to imagine I was an infamous woman. I am in deep trouble, financial and in other ways,

as I am expecting a suit with my husband, whom I explained to you when we first met had forsaken me. It might not be a trouble to you, but to me it is a heavy burden. So you can understand I have no time for interest in the gossip nor the petty pleasures of the young people. If you have been in trouble and sorrow you can understand. You do not take an interest in the trivial things of life."

This was received with a sneer and titter from his wife and daughters, while with an amused glance at them he turned to Helen and said, "I will not meddle with your troubles."

She now left. As she neared the post-office, she saw just entering the door the minister, so she remained outside until he came out.

Going in and asking for her mail, three of the members of his church said, "The old gal is in trouble," with a low remark and giggle.

Helen was horrified, as she knew the minister had reported her interview, and they were misconstruing her words to amuse their vile natures.

A few days after this a gentleman, a stranger, came to her, introduced himself, saying, "I heard that gross insult offered you in the post-office. I am a stranger at the hotel, but those same men, with some members of the choir, came to the hotel and had a long chat, every word of which I heard. They mean you mischief, and have the

sanction of their pastor. Had you not better leave the town?"

She thanked him, but said to go away might give color to their reports. But she would ask advice.

He said, he was a friend of some of her relatives near Rochester, and out of respect for them informed her of the conversation or conspiracy.

Helen asked advice. Was told to remain and see it out. All the people of the town were not dogs.

But she replied that it was said "individuals sometimes forgive, but bodies and societies never do." However, she remained.

A few days later one of the young men of the church met Helen, telling her to fork over the money for an organ, or they would make the place hotter than it had been. That Mr. So-and-So, naming them, had said if she felt as bad about the gossip as her interview with the pastor would indicate, she would pay high to shut them up.

"Truly," replied she, "I did not expect to meet among a Christian people, in such a pretty village, such brutal, dishonorable members, who in vulgar language would demand that for which they had no right to ask. I am not rich, but if I were, have friends of my own who need my sympathy and aid, and would not give your church an organ. I have contributed my share

ever since I attended your church, for I would not think it right to sit in your pews, Sunday after Sunday, listening to your salaried minister, and not contribute toward the salary; but I am the best judge of what I can afford to give"

"Ha, ha, old woman! You are, are you? Well, d——you, we'll fix you if you don't!"

After this she was vexed with the thought that however kind and courteous the people of this little church were to each other in their hearts, they would destroy her at any moment without scruple of conscience. Here had she resided for years. So far as she knew, she had not laid a straw in the path of one of them, believing them to be virtuous and peace-loving; and here they were exhibiting vices and contentions new to her. For among robbers there is a courage in their "Stand and deliver" which commands one's admiration, while the attacks here had been stabs in the back, or to her face only a jeer, the weapon of a coward.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE CLIVE RESIDENCE.

Hast God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn;
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy times his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and rapture swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer;
The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labors of this Lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Pope.

Helen had scarcely been installed in her new abode ere Hagar Robb called and informed Mrs. Clive that she had seen fit to order her from her house.

Mrs. Clive said, "She has been an inmate of your home many years, has she not? And is she not a relative?"

"Very distant."

When told of this, Helen said, "If you wish references, consult the True family. They have been well acquainted, and warm friends of mine since the first day I came here."

"Oh, I don't care for Mrs. Robb, but am very fond of the pastor and his wife, and don't blame them for not being your friend."

She replied, "Well, I do. His duty was to secure harmony among the members of his church. My offence was unintentional, and when I explained this and expressed regret that it should have happened, his conduct was insolent and uncivil, while it was atrocious that they should so scandalously malign me, where I was not known, and where it was impossible to explain. There comes a time when patience ceases to be a virtue, and it reached that point when they hired that creature from Fairport to strut their pulpit, in a ridiculous caricature of my dead grandfather and myself, and beg of me money to defray the expenses. It was unjust. While I do not wish you to think any the less of them on my account, understand I have not one particle of respect for them."

It was very perceptible that Mrs. Clive had become suspicious. However it soon wore off.

Just before Helen left the Robb cottage, she received a letter from some St. Louis friends, who were traveling and would remain a day at Rochester. Wished her to meet them at Power's Hotel. With the party were two young men from Boston, strangers to her. All wished to be of service to Helen. They believed Mr. Hilton had some consideration for her, and intended when he married her that she should never know his real character. They had made careful inquiries, and learned he had taken no such pains with any other woman; besides, he had never introduced her to his low, rude associates. They said he had lived with Selina, his present wife, ten years without the formality of a ceremony. The friends of the family thought this somewhat objectionable, but after he gave the reception to her it had been forgiven.

"When Mr. Hilton announced his intention of bringing you to New Hampshire as his wife, Mr. Eastleigh, who is coarse and rough, and holds some secret influence over him, quarreled with him for three days, at the end of which Mr. Hilton bade you adieu in New York City. We know it was Eastleigh who compelled him to forsake you."

Helen said, "Now I know what the old detective meant when he said, 'Mrs. Hilton, back of all this there is something. What is it? Give

me a clue and I will work for you.' But I could not answer, for I did not know."

Helen asked the two young men if they were acquainted with her husband.

They answered, "Well acquainted with all the parties." Said one, "Am I not as handsome as Mr. Hilton? Well, those handsome looks were my fortune. Selina Eastleigh paid my expenses through college."

"Were the teachers and scholars aware of it?"

"Yes," replied his friend, "he was too contemptible to keep it to himself."

"Mr. Hilton had cheated all his life, and now it was 'Ruse contre ruse.'"

They all bade Helen depend upon them if it came to a fight.

When they left on the evening train, she called on her aunt, telling her that some of the burdens were becoming light. She would rather believe her husband was compelled to leave her than that it was voluntary.

Her aunt said, "If you do right, all your weights will become wings."

Helen resolved to save all her money, and bring about the suit soon as possible. She had been striving for nearly ten years, but had not succeeded in serving papers on him. Just as soon as her lawyer was ready some one informed Mr. Hilton, and he would start for Egypt.

All the eminent lawyers with whom she talked

said the court would do her justice, and if he had procured a divorce without her consent, it was not worth the paper it was written upon. But if they took the case she must have the papers served upon him, as their time was too valuable, when men sometimes paid them a hundred dollars an hour for their services.

Her capital was small and her expenses very heavy. Her broken-down eyes made it impossible to continue her teaching; but she added somewhat to her funds by working in the dry-house, facing boxes for packing the fruit. The owners of the building were well-educated, Christian people, and treated all with even-handed justice. But there were several people working there who exhibited toward her a grossness and venom impossible to describe.

She bore it with the best grace possible, as she needed the money, and work is no disgrace. It is only priggish people who think so.

Her change of residence was a means of introducing her to Messrs. Jones & Paul, eminent lawyers of New Hampshire. Mr. and Mrs. Clive had quite a circle of friends from New York City and Boston. Those from the latter city were nearly all acquainted with Mr. Hilton, but were very careful not to divulge what they knew.

However, one friend came from New York City who took a deep interest in Helen, saying

he knew Mr. Hilton so well he could believe all she said. If she would prove her marriage to him he would intercede for her.

She brought him one of Mr. Hilton's letters, in which he said, "I am at your home, my darling, and have told them of our marriage."

When he had finished he said, "Mr. Hilton is supposed to be enormously rich. With the sporting men he stands high, as he spends money on them freely, but with the Christian, solid people of New Hampshire he is not received. He has a son and a daughter by a former marriage. I will introduce you to Messrs. Jones & Paul, whom I believe Mr. Hilton will be unable to bribe. They have never lost a case; beside, the New Hampshire people are too good to encourage such an inhuman act. You will never catch him only by securing lawyers that can be near him. He has the means to escape you upon the slightest hint."

He wrote the gentlemen, and they opened a correspondence with Helen, after they had learned all the circumstances. They had to look over the statute books to see what chances there were for Mr. Hilton to escape the penalty of his crime. This consumed three months, making five months since they were introduced.

Mr. Jones now wrote Helen to send him some of Mr. Hilton's letters, that he might judge of their purport. Upon going for the letters

where they had been securely locked in a leather trunk with a peculiar lock, and covered with canvas, which she kept strapped down, the lock had been cut out, with a very sharp knife, about three-fourths of an inch wide. Her papers and letters, and some receipts of registered mail, were gone.

Helen's youngest sister had met with reverses, and while at Mr. Robb's she had sent her, at different times, money, but could not hear from her, which she thought strange; and the receipts were so precisely written she did not think them genuine, and told Hagar so.

When she saw her sister she learned that during all her poverty she neither received message nor money from her. Helen still had one package of letters, the one she had opened to show the lawyers, and forgotten to replace. She was indignant, and knew without the aid of a detective that Hagar had broken into the trunk, so wrote instantly upon a postal that she must return the property or she would make her.

When Mr. Clive came to dinner Helen told him of her loss. He advised her to get out a search warrant and secure her property. To write her would give her opportunity to hide the things and pose as an injured woman.

Too late. The postal had been mailed. As she left the post-office, she saw entering it Hagar Robb, and Mrs. Pew from Dryden, a very con-

genial friend of Hagar's. She stopped to see them take the postal, thinking they might have some remarks to make. The office was very small, and Helen now wore glasses that enabled her to see distinctly. She saw Hagar receive the postal and three letters. From the fashion of the envelopes she knew they were hers. On one she distinctly read her name. It was from her sister, who writes a large hand.

"What are you doing with my mail?" said Helen, in a voice choking with suppressed passion.

"Don't tell me to give you the letters. Brother is postmaster, and if you try to make harm of it," looking defiantly at Helen with glittering eyes, "we all of us will say we had reason to suppose the letters were obscene. We have a right to take them."

Helen said, "Those were not written by me, but by my friends."

"No one will believe you, you old lunatic."

Mr. Pew was a notary, and two years before devoted three weeks of his valuable time in teaching his wife and Hagar the art of forgery. The latter said he pronounced hers beyond detection by the keenest expert.

Helen had been unable to understand the performance, but was beginning to estimate their real motive. It was evident they had forged the receipts. Instead of mailing at Parma, Hagar

had taken the letters and packages to her brother. The two had managed it very well.

Now Helen knew why she never heard from her friends, and why the things and money she sent never reached their destination.

She received next day a letter from Mr. Jones, saying, "I wrote yesterday, putting you under orders, but forgot one item."

The envelope was exactly like the one taken the day before by Hagar.

A few days after this event the people in the fruit-house said to Helen, "Your wise plan would be to run. We intend putting you behind the bars for life. We can make more swearing against you in the Supreme Court than we can pearing apples or picking beans."

A man outside said to her, "That is not an idle threat. Had you not better leave the place?"

"Never! Those few people are a set of fanatics, who cannot be satisfied until everyone about them is of their way of thinking. I quietly refused to conform to their opinions, so they became offended and found relief to their injured feelings by the coarsest abuse. Their thoughts, standards, manners and morals are not mine. I cannot welcome them to the close bond of friendship. My associations with them are those of circumstances, not of my choosing. They know it, and feel that not being with them I am against them. As for Hagar, she never knew,

nor her mother before her, anything but envy, hatred and malice. She never said or did anything that was not ill-natured. She has the worst manners, and her intimate associates are like herself, her true chameleons, ever ready to stuff and gorge themselves at other people's expense. She is beneath my contempt. She and her mother have jointed noses. Every now and then their mouth will disappear. You turn to the side of their face. There it is, inspecting their ears, not gone for good, just shifting to rest a little. I believe such a nose indicates a disposition to watch, pry and molest one's neighbors. I have been told they are all going to swear against me, but the judges must investigate, and they are not fools, but very wise men."

The next time she called at her aunt's an old negress, who had been a servant in the family many years, had called, telling her aunt that she had been waiting on the table for a widow woman, who lived on the Avenue, who had company from North Parma. The pastor and family of —, and a number of the members of his church. All the conversation had been about Helen. They said that she had sent obscene letters through the mail. They were going to put her behind the bars for life, and take her money to buy an organ. Said the colored lady, "I don't believe she did it, and hurried up to tell you. He ain't no Christian, and don't read his

Bible, or he would know God said, 'Thou shalt not kill,' and they are doing worse by the child, plotting to rob her of her freedom."

Said her aunt, "Helen never makes mischief, nor does she ever talk obscenely. If she comes before the commissioner, we know him to be the soul of honor, and he will be just. Helen must remain and vindicate herself. Never knew that such mean people lived in the vicinity of Rochester; so many to say mean things, and to tell her to prove it, throwing on her the burden and the strain of demonstrating her innocence, and punishing her as guilty if unable to clear up and silence their deadly gossip and slander."

Some weeks passed and Helen received notice that she must go to New York City for the cross-examination. Just at the same time she received a letter from the Deputy, that she must appear before the commissioner, to answer to a charge made by Hagar Robb, for sending obscene letters through the mail.

She answered she would appear at her earliest convenience, and wired her lawyers, who wrote her to remain silent. If there was any trouble they would come to Rochester and begin suit to recover the stolen letters.

Several of the Parma people wished to see the letter Helen had written. She kept a copy, and did not send the others through the mail, but gave it to Mrs. Bank's sister, with the request that she

would hand it to them. Afterward, when they had forged to suit themselves, they brought it to Parma and asked the post-mistress to stamp it. Helen also read it to the teacher and Mrs. True, saying, "When one is justly indignant they may use strong language."

"June, 1892. Cousins Mr. and Mrs. Bank: You said to me, 'Hagar must not lie there and suffer. I wish you to know the teacher and I did everything, waiting upon her until eleven o'clock' at night, cooking, sweeping, dusting, churning, and assisting about all necessary work. You all urged me to board here, when I could have done much better. My sojourn here has been most unpleasant. But for breaking friends with you all, should have left here long ago. She is exacting, even asking for pay if she invites me to take a glass of lemonade, and demands extra pay if any one calls to see me, while she will not throw off one cent if I am absent a month and six weeks at a time. She will say to me, 'Lend me this or give me that.' She charges me one dollar per week more than she agreed to board me for, and then has the gall to tell people I am a servant. I cannot understand her conduct, unless she is angry because I offended her niece, who was visiting me while I lived at Rochester. In talking of her beau, I said, 'Don't trust him, Miss Robb, until you are sure of him. He pays several girls the same attention he does you.'

They abused me in a shameful manner. I apologized all round, but only received insult. Now I don't care for them. You all know why I am living East. You know just upon what terms I boarded with your sister. When I left your house I imagined we were all friends as well as distantly related; but after I left was informed that I must not think that I could take tea with you every now and then, as that was not the way to get rich. In the six years since I left, have not been invited to dine with you. Hagar tells that all these years you have kept me out of charity. I have paid promptly for every favor. Please give me a receipt in full.

"HELEN DOTY HILTON."

Hagar filled the house with company about two months after, brought the letter saying, pleasantly and smilingly, "Helen did you write this?"

"Yes!"

"Then," said she, "I wish to read to the company, and she began composing, reading not one word of the letter.

Then Helen left the room, and refused to speak to her again.

Coming before the Commissioner, Hagar made grave assertions. She had as witnesses some of Harry Robb's family. Hagar kept saying, "Hal

remember now just what your ma told you to say."

"Yes, maam."

She had some obscene matter, but what, Helen never knew; but she swore she received the postal-card through a neighbor, who brought it to her. It was a scurrilous attack, and implied, first, that she was a thief; second, it threatened her, two grave offences against the law. "Ah," said the judge, "you know the law."

"Yes, sir."

"You do, do you?"

"Yes. Mr. Pew told me all about it and just what I can do."

The judge asked Helen if she knew when she mailed the postal.

She replied she could not give the date, but was sure it was on Monday, at four o'clock, and that Mrs. Robb and Mrs. Pew took it out of the office in less than ten minutes after she dropped it into the box.

He said her wrongs were great, but it was against the law to accuse a person on paper. Her threat was the mildest he ever knew after such injuries. She must call a lawyer, which she did, and in a few moments Mrs. Robb had denied every assertion that she had made.

Helen promised the judge that she would go to Buffalo when court convened, should she be sent for, and returned home.

Upon reaching there, she found Hagar had gone via Spencerport, and told that she had been dragged from the judge's room, chained to a detective; also that in the morning a large majority of the — Church had assembled at the depot to see her chained to the deputy. She saw a large gathering and received quietly their gross jeers, the pastor's wife among them; but it did not hurt her. She considered them lower than the Diggers, wickeder than the Sioux, and trickier than the Camanches Indians, and she had seen all tribes.

Quite a number of the people came to her and wished her to know they did not approve of what had passed.

She never heard from the courts again.

Helen never blamed Mrs. Bank, as, until she became insane, she was a kind, sympathizing friend, and had she been in her right mind, would have tried to stop the outrage; but, like insane people, she took a violent fancy to those she hated, and an intense dislike to her friends.

Helen now proceeded to New York City, where the judge introduced her to Mr. Jones, and where she passed the crucial test.

Mrs. Robb's fiendish act had given her a slight hint of what she must pass through. She resolved not to lose her temper, no matter what happened. But after nine hours the first day, and six hours the second, when the judge grasped her hand,

saying the examination was concluded and she had not crossed herself once, she breathed a sigh of relief. The judge now said he was surprised that nothing had happened to Mr. Hilton. His conduct had been demoniacal.

She told him that she had never told her friends what she had passed through. That a rumor reached Judge Doty that Mr. Hilton was a married man. He had signed his death warrant; but some friends of the judge called telling him Helen adored Mr. Hilton, and to kill him would break her heart. Then he granted him a reprieve, and died before he had time to investigate. The news had killed her grandma, who thought he was perfect. Her mother had never spoken his name unless compelled to, and she is one who never talks when troubled. Her sisters said that sometimes when she heard of Mr. Hilton's meanness she would walk the floor all night. She is a person who thinks if one is in good company he must be good; and it has been hard for her to believe he is a knave instead of the gentleman we all believed him to be; but thinks it would be a disgrace to the family to take vengeance upon him.

He said, "I respect your parents more for that. Had you been my daughter, I would have filled that man so full of bullets they could not have lifted him into his coffin for the weight of him."

"'Thou shalt not kill;' and it is wisest and best that they did not molest him. The sympathy turns the moment a man is dead."

Said he, "We hear much of the customs of the Mormon people. How do they manage to bring up such large families? A small one is all I can control. Should judge their larder would always be empty."

She replied, "They live by economy; but they have some dark cellars where they hide the apples for spring; but the children find them just the same."

Helen now returned to Mrs. Clive's, to wait until Mr. Hilton should return. He had been absent a year. They would put a spy upon the house, as just before he returned it would be cleaned and aired. Mr. Jones would wire her when she was to come to New Hampshire.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LACONIA.

"He that will do all that he can lawfully, would, if he durst, do something that is not lawful."—*J. Taylor*.

"Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude."—*Congreve*.

Winter had passed. A sunny afternoon in April invites Helen to take a walk, when a messenger calls with a telegram from Mr. Jones, "Start immediately for New Hampshire. Wire what train."

She took her papers and left for Rochester. Early morning found her on the way. She stopped at the Revier Hotel in Boston, and was recognized by the clerk, although so many years had passed since she had been there.

She also met some old friends of hers, as well as Mr. Hilton's, who said they were at his place of business in New York City at the time he received the letter from Salt Lake City, notifying him that she was about to bring suit for divorce and alimony. He started to his feet; his face was livid, and with great drops of perspiration starting on his brow, he paced up and down the floor, lost in thought. At length he ejaculated,

"Yes, it is a desperate venture to leave my business just now; but I will risk it, if this story is rumored abroad. I must leave America for the present, at least until this affair has blown over. I can sail for Europe instead of sending my agent as I intended to do. The business there will require my presence soon. I'll go now, and while arranging my affairs escape this little suit." He sailed from Boston, and took Selina with him.

At the time he left Helen in New York, with the promise to return in three days, Judge Bridge-wood, who has gotten him out of many a scrape, advised him, as he could not secure a legal release from the obligations of his marriage vows—being unable to bring aught against her, she having faithfully performed her plighted faith—for him to close out his New York places of business, take up his residence in New Hampshire, prevent her ascertaining his whereabouts for five years, and she could whistle for all the courts of America would ever do for her. She would be ruined socially, finding nothing but pity or ostracism.

Hilton did so with fear and trembling. But his wealth was enormous. He had given some elaborate presents to the town, so there was no need for a sudden reform, and there had been none, as in the past, so he lived now.

Helen said, "No doubt their regard for him grew daily, as his wealth increased."

After spending the remainder of the day doing the city, she took the evening train for New Hampshire, arriving at eleven o'clock at Laconia, where her lawyer was waiting for her.

The city stands in a lovely valley, encircled by the mountains and intersected by three beautiful bays of the Winnipiseogee, as pretty a spot as you will find in many a day's travel. There was a friendly echo to every sound. Helen slept late, but found the day clear and quite warm.

The ladies of New Hampshire are in general below the common height, and dainty in proportion, and in all the New England towns she noticed the great regard for cleanliness.

She was questioned in regard to all the letters, then signed her prayer for divorce and alimony, claiming desertion. The papers were recorded. Then her lawyers drove over to Hilton Hall to serve them upon Donnallen.

It was now ten years since Helen visited the town. Donnallen had grown stout, and in his countenance was neither care nor thought; or rather, the lines about his mouth did not indicate hallowed thoughts. His mien was loftier and less harsh than in former days, but he had not gained in dignity. In fact, he never possessed any. It was Friday. He and Selina sat in the extensive drawing-room, which was gorgeously furnished. There was no quiet grandeur; there were no books or anything about to indicate intel-

lectual taste or refinement, but it commanded sublime views of landscape. They do not surround themselves with educated people, but with those who are eager to flatter them upon every occasion, which is all they desire.

The papers were handed to him, and as he broke the seal the lawyers retired.

He said, "Great God! It's a lie! She ain't here! Well, I never yet failed in one of my plans, and I'll take pains not to fail now."

He sent for his lawyers, and sat thinking of his own perfidy.

When told why they were sent for, the lawyers exclaimed, "It can't be. She would not dare beard the lion in his den."

Mr. Hilton was not handsome now. He was suffering with a hideous purple eruption which had just reached an unpleasant stage.

His lawyers sent for Messrs. Jones and Paul, and Helen's counselor, Judge Winters, known as the "Oracle of the Court-room" as well as for his classic speech, famous for the Websterian majesty of its periods.

Mr. Hilton's lawyers said, "Gentlemen, Mr. Hilton authorized us to ask your client's price to settle this blackmailing scheme. She is an impostor, a disreputable woman of Nebraska, who claims to be a grandchild of Judge Doty, to give her notoriety. Mr. Hilton will bring evidence of this. In fact, we can show you a receipt, signed

by her own hand, where she admits the statement made by him."

Judge Winters: "She is a lady, and has given us indisputable evidence that she is just what she claims to be—the wife of Donnallen Hilton and the grandchild of Judge Doty; also that there was no misunderstanding, he simply deserted her."

Mr. Hilton's lawyer, Mr. Moor: "She is a liar. Here is a letter from her saying she has been told of a former marriage, and that Hon. Donnallen Hilton has married children. I have been his solicitor for fifteen years, was raised in this town, and never heard of any wife or children other than Selina; and I have been weeks at a time at his residence."

Messrs. Paul & Jones: "You know, do you, So and So, who are about our ages?"

"Yes."

"Well, those people are the children of Lucy Hilton, who lived there at the time you mention. We know them well, as they attended school with us. Now, are you acquainted with Mr. Hilton's handwriting? If so, read that letter and give us your opinion."

Messrs. Moor & Smith replied, "It is fortunate it came now. Had she presented this to the courts, at his death she would have taken possession of all. Had the lawyers she consulted known anything of law in New Hampshire, and taken the trouble to read this letter, when he ran

to Egypt to escape the suit, they could have placed her in possession of everything he owned. The law gives it to a woman if the man runs."

"You are convinced, are you, that we have not undertaken a blackmailing scheme?"

After it dawned on them that Helen was really there on his native heath, and meant business, Mr. Hilton said, speaking of one high in office, "My friend has passed through it; I'll let that thought strengthen me."

A friend told Helen that she was making Mr. Hilton sweat as no Russian bath ever did, and that he would gladly settle upon any terms. But there were no terms upon which she would settle.

Hearing this, he now insulted his lawyers by sending for Helen's old enemy, Judge Bridge-wood; then insulted him by sending to Boston for an eminent lawyer, telling them they must spare no pains to prevent her receiving either divorce or alimony.

This they fought and wrangled for a month to accomplish, saying Mr. Hilton had found the family beggars, and her parents had enticed him to take her for his own purposes.

All this Helen was able to prove false by the men with whom her father did business. They had lived where prices were exorbitant, but had always had comforts and many luxuries. Her father's books showed that his business with

Wells Fargo & Co. alone amounted to over four hundred thousand dollars, while in his hotel he sometimes in one day took in five hundred dollars; but some of the time sugar was one dollar a pound, tea five, and everything in proportion, and his family was large; but she had never known privation until she came to New York, nor had Mr. Hilton ever sent her a book, music, bouquet, fruit or candy, or spent a penny for her amusement, until he took her to see the Western Sisters play in New York City. Prior to that the tickets had been presented to him for the two, and only twice had they had a drive, then a friend lent him the horse and carriage. When she asked for a drive, he always answered, "It is too expensive a luxury for us, dear." He twice sent her fruit, collect on delivery, by stage coach, the charges for the decayed fruit each time being one hundred dollars. She insisted it was not to occur again, as, had it come direct, it would have been unfit to eat, after two weeks' jolting in the bottom of the stage.

He gave her on the anniversary of her seventeenth birthday a pair of earrings and brooch, which he took in trade. They cost in New York City, where he bought them, eighteen dollars. When eighteen he gave her an album; and when nineteen a sky scraper, sending by express, for her to pay the charges, which were forty-five dollars. The bonnet cost five dollars. They all

made fun of it, and used it for a scrap basket. At her wedding he presented her with a tiny tortoise-shell purse, containing a five-cent piece and three new pennies. Sometimes he gave Helen presents to send her friends; but always said, "Now, if you will remain at home a year, not attend the theatre, opera or concert, nor ride in the street car where you can walk, you may have fifty dollars to give away."

Bill Adams' sister-in-law sent Helen a sugar-heart, large as a plate, with this written upon the paper, "As large and sweet as his heart for you." After the purse and the eight cents, no wonder the family were afraid she would ruin him financially.

Helen, from the time she was eight years old, received from her grand-parents and her father handsome presents. Ere she was twelve, she had jewels, a handsome watch, and a piano, and all those things girls covet, and not pinchback jewelry either.

Judge Doty often befriended men. Sometimes they were grateful. One judge from Washington, D. C., sent Helen nearly fifty dollars worth of music, selecting all of it himself, and sent it by some emigrants.

Another gentleman from London sent her the "Clans of Scotland," and other books, bound in Russia. So you see she was not apt to be dazzled by penny gifts.

While the judges were fighting she would walk about the hills to see the views, and one day took the cars to one of the summer resorts. It was in a valley, covered by a dense forest. The railroad ran along the margin of the lake; there was a tiny depot, and a landing for the boats. She ran to this and saw what seemed to be thick ice. She supposed so large a lake had a beach, so planting one foot firmly on the landing, she stepped on the ice with the other, to feel it give way. It was all porous underneath, and floated away at her touch. She looked into the placid depths, then took a pebble and dropped it into the clear water, counting until it was out of sight, and judged the depth to be thirty or forty feet. She breathed a prayer of thankfulness that she had not stepped with both feet upon the ice, as she was entirely alone, and would have drowned. Then how the papers would have recounted the story of the suicide, who came there to malign a gracious gentleman of New Hampshire, and finding the suit going against her, plunged into the depths of the Winnipiseogee. Moral, Try before you trust.

Climbing upon some granite boulders, she would have a glorious view of Mount Washington. She had some kind friends who consoled or rejoiced with her, as she was sorrowful or glad. One lady said she was so sorry the people

at —— addressed her as old woman; but it was Eastleigh's fault, and he was now dead.

Helen replied that old age was honorable; but she was not old, and woman was the highest title they could give her. The Savior called His mother woman, and Homer, the poet, wishing to compliment a great queen, called her "A womanly queen."

Woman means everything that is gracious, brave, lovely, refined and Christian. We must dissuade ourselves of the idea that it is not courteous. Lady is a later term, derived from the German, and means bread-giver, and Helen was entitled to the term for several generations back. Petty insolence does not hurt her.

She now determined to find out for herself if the rumors and statements in reference to Mr. Hilton and family were true, and became clever. She could not meet the members of the family, for they all knew her and were cunning; but she met many of their intimate associates, and learned that all she had been told was true, and not the half had been revealed to her. She held a long conversation with the son and daughter of Lucy Hilton. Through half a score of their school friends, and through an old nurse of the family, she learned that Lucy Hilton knew all the time of his courtship of Helen. She said she would not let jealousy overcome her. She would treat the matter with disdain and contempt, as

altogether beneath her notice. She would do all in her power to attract him, and when his appetite was satiated with this pink-skinned Western girl, he would return to her again.

But long before he grew weary of Helen he had taken up with this crafty, jealous, cruel and cunning Selina, who boasted that she would pluck the golden goose, and she had her pa to back her, who had much more faith in a horsewhip than in the efficacy of the law, and he was right. But Helen was avenged.

That this woman of doubtful reputation and her boy occupied a very different position from Lucy will at once be apparent when we remark that they were among Donnallen's foremost objects of affection, and received more civility from his associates than even his children.

Lucy's children said their father brought the girl into the house years before their mother died, and said the boy, "The d—— brute compelled my sister to say she was her companion. He took her to Europe in the 70's, and compelled them to say she was a traveling companion. I hate him so that I would walk a mile out of my way when cold and weary, before I would meet him and say, 'Good day.' He is as big a fool as he is brute. He is that creature's slave; but she commands him to say that their lives are one long honeymoon, like the ivy without an end."

Some of the town boys said she told him to

marry off his non compos mentis young ones before she came there, and to fix the thing so it would not interfere with her taking possession of his millions.

He called Lucy's children in, telling them their mother's third of his millions would amount to about twenty thousand dollars, ten thousand each. Would they take that sum and sign a receipt never to touch any more while he lived, nor after him.

They did so, telling their friends they were now millionaires. Then the young friends explained what their mother's third would be, and the boys said, "Dammit, let him and that creature keep his money and that great charnel house; I would not live in it for all it contains."

The people were so dazzled with that impostor of Selina's, they could not half appreciate Lucy Hilton's children. Helen learned those men who would not permit Donnallen to touch their coat sleeve when passing them, had found their stomach, and could dine with him at any time, and they admired the sterling stick-to-it-iveness with which he and Bill had made their performance respectable and to reach a magnitude that placed them upon the highest round of the social ladder.

She was given views of the interior of Hilton Hall, and minute descriptions of the furniture, and discovered that all those tens of thousands

of dollars invested in pictures, statues, curios and furniture, that she had selected in 1863 for Mr. Bracket, up country, worth a mint of money, who was building a smashing big house, were purchased for Hilton Hall, and he was the man. Her disgust was beyond expression.

When she came to New Hampshire, in 1883, his town was a small place, with a few hundred inhabitants; now they numbered several thousand. He arranged for large excursions there on his railroads, giving his grounds for pic-nics, and had induced many people to come there and settle, buying land of him, of which he had hundreds of acres. So many people coming, enabled all who had property to make a handsome profit, and they now idolized him as the founder of their fortunes. While this information was being obtained, the seven lawyers were fighting like tigers. Donnallen had brought forward plot after plot, each more fiendish than the last; then what he believed to be his "coup de grace," an unopened letter from Mr. Tarpit, of Richmond, Va., addressed to Helen, and sent to him at his office in New York City.

Said the judge, "Why did you keep it so carefully. Why did you not send it to her?"

Mr. Tarpit proved to be hired by Donnallen, and the man at the boarding-house, who was his friend, was one of Dnnallen's illicit distillery agents. When Mr. Tarpit's attentions caused

Helen so much trouble, she appealed to two gentlemen, who protected her from him.

She now wrote to them, receiving a reply from one that he would help her now as willingly as he did when she was so much in need of a friend. But Mr. Free was dead. Helen took his letter to Mr. Jones, and he went to Judge Winters' office to see what had happened in the meantime.

They argued over the Tarpit letter from Friday morning until six o'clock on Sunday morning, without stopping for a mouthful of refreshments. Helen told Mr. Jones to come to her with every new stratagem, as she knew Mr. Hilton's tricks better than he did. Do not waste your time until you see if I cannot aid you.

He replied Mr. Paul had requested them not to cause her unnecessary worry, as it would be very hard for her when she was called upon the stand.

She now walked down to the bay, where the people loved to watch the sunset. The views were delightful. She lingered tonight until the waves were flashing like silver sheen in the moonlight; then she walked slowly to her hotel.

Helen frequently chatted with an old gentleman whom she met. Did not know his name. She asked him if he knew Mr. Hilton. He replied, since he was a boy. He made his start in life, then returned home, invested in land all

over the state, then waited until he could command his own price. His fortune was made in the liquor traffic. 'Tis said he pays taxes on seventeen million in New Hampshire. He had given some presents to the town, but to the poor never a penny. His present wife has a very poor sister here, but she does not give her even the cast-off clothing, which would be most acceptable. I have attended many of his gorgeous dinners. The table groans under the weight of china, cut-glass, gold and silverware and flowers. At one banquet this woman swept into the room, her purple velvet trailing over the carpet, the diamond stars in her hair flashing in the light of the chandeliers, and with contempt and insult in her voice she snubbed the old man, completely ignoring such guests as she fancied plebeian. His home stands upon quite an eminence. From the windows is a superb view. That night a full moon was shining overhead, with many white lamps alight below among the flowers and trees. It was quite a dazzling picture. Mr. Hilton had children by a former wife, but, excepting two, nothing was known of them either as infants or children. The two, he spared no expense in their education, providing them with masters at home. When he took this woman he married them off, selecting such partners for them as pleased himself."

Well, thought Helen, there is no doubt about

that statement, and I am fated never to hear the last of that dinner.

Helen told him she had seen Mr. Hilton, and the gorgeously dressed woman who lolled lazily at his side. She seemed annoyed and astonished that so few gave her admiring glances.

He asked Helen where she was born.

She informed him; also that at the age of ten months she was taken from this luxurious home and started on her journey to the unknown West, going with her parents and grandparents in a wagon, crossing the Mississippi upon a flat boat or raft, while the ice was breaking up. The men with great hooks would push the blocks of ice out of the way, which much amused her. Landing on the other side of the river, they pitched their tents. Her mother said when she found the earth not like the soft carpets she was accustomed to creep upon, she insisted upon walking, one step and a fall, one step and a fall. She would cry, then try again. The ground soft and muddy, it was a great change for the child that never had a soil on her clothes. Her first recollection was admiration of the alkali lakes sparking in the soft moonbeams, with opaline light.

Messrs. Jones & Paul now informed Helen that Mr. Hilton's lawyers wished to continue the suit for years. He had vast wealth, it would be fine for them. Judge Bridgewood believes all

you say; but says he will grasp at straws to ruin you, as he was engaged by Mr. Hilton to defend him against you. We do not know what they will spring upon us next; but if the suit is to end soon, it must be argued between courts. If you wait until court convenes they may delay it for years.

She replied lack of funds would compel her to have it argued at once.

Mr. Jones said, "It has been argued for ten days before the Probate Judge. You don't know what a time we have had. Mr. Hilton's lawyers brought a list of every penny he has spent upon you; a bottle of cough syrup, the price of which has been at interest since 1862; even the postage stamps, and the salt you sprinkled upon your food has been itemized, and the interest compounded. He also has three receipts, one stating that you were a —, and for the sum of ten thousand released him; another for \$14,000, another for \$100,000. His lawyers argue that for the courts to add to that sum would be an outrage."

Said she, "My husband never but once requested a receipt. That was when he gave me the coupons, as he was obliged to give a strict account to Edward's heirs. So that Eastleigh said truly, when he told of a receipt they had obtained that would keep me from squealing. Donnallen must have had two papers, and when

he asked me to sign, changed them. As for the other two, it is easy to understand why Mr. Pew instructed Mrs. Hagar Robb in the art of forgery."

"You can have him disbarred. There is a code that one using sharp practice to the injury of a client before action begins, shall be disbarred."

"Mr. Hilton has kept all your letters since December of '68, and claims you address him as Mr. Hilton, and that they are affectionate."

"Yes, at school I so addressed him, and formed the habit. He wrote most gushing letters, and whined that mine were so cold. When he returned home his constant nagging on the subject was very exasperating; but in the winter of '68, when he was so kind as to invite my friends to stay with me, he wrote requesting me to say something kind to him. He longed for affection. I wrote the news, then copied his letter. His answer said, 'Oh, my darling, you made me so happy with your dear, kind letter. Never again freeze my blood with a line or two, to Mr. Hilton.' Thinking I had struck the right cord, I continued in that strain.

"Well you see the plot was laid for you, and you fell into the snare. Years, years before that letter was written, that damnable Jekyll and Hyde planned that you should write it."

"Oh! to think he could be such a cheat, and

to gratify a moment's lust he had broken in upon my life and wrecked it. At that very time I could have sent him to keep Boss Tweed company. To think how he would snivel and implore me not to speak, when he was hiding under false names, lest an explanation would lead to an expose. Yet I have learned that when Lucy Hilton died in 1877, he gulled her children in the same sneaking fashion. He came for me in just six months after her death, saying, Let the dead past bury its dead."

"Well, he has kept those letters in his safe-deposit box all these years. Shall we print them for the world to read."

"Yes, publish all of them."

"Hagar Robb has stolen his; you will be unable to prove them copies."

"Publish all of them. The worst that can be said of them is they are soft. I can see through the trick now, and know those I copied were penned for him by either Edward or Bridge-wood. Remember meeting them and their holding a whispered consultation. Then when Donnallen left them he said a matter worried him, and they had taken a pencil and written how he was to manage. 'And if anything should happen to me, love, go at once to them. They are friends of yours.' They are your New England men. How can they be so small, surrounded by such landscapes of mountain, lake and forest. One

would imagine the pure air of the woods would broaden them. Can you tell why Donnallen, when again tempest-tossed, came imploring my aid?"

"Remember if ever again a sorrow comes to him, he will come to you. It's the nature of such rogues."

"Now you have written a postal calling him a bigamist. Bridgewood is going to make the most of it and prevent the suit by proving you a criminal. We may have to send to Rochester for a lawyer. We will defend you here."

Said Helen, "Not one. I wrote a score forbidding Donnallen Hilton's marriage. What is the difference between writing and rising up in a church and saying so. Well, I am sorry I caused the trouble, but you must defend me. The commissioners have been too severe with Mormons to grasp at a straw to save this man. I have learned much while you have been wrangling. More than one has offered to turn traitor to them, even to telling where the boy belongs, if it should prove to their advantage. Such is honor among thieves. Others have told me they will help me. One man from San Francisco says he has only to stamp his foot and they give him the sum he demands. Another, a gentleman, told me while Mr. Hilton was in California in '68, he had a woman and child with him. The child is buried here. He gave me proof to hand to you

that the child was not Mr. Hilton's boy. I cannot learn that he ever made one of the women rich. So if my suit is public, you will find it will bring me witnesses."

Said Mr. Jones, "I have collected all your postals. Your case comes before the Supreme Court Judge in three days. The letters may cause a long fight or may end the suit. We have fought for nine weeks to obtain you a support. His lawyers are working hard against you. They have admitted that there was not a scratch on the slate against your reputation, and the judges say it is the most improbable and brutal case ever before the courts."

Said she, "I should think they would from his millions provide me a home. Am sure of success. Have said my prayers, and no one can harm me."

Judge Winters said, "It is all very well to invoke the aid of Divine Providence; but I would prefer the papers."

On the day appointed, the lawyers and judges assembled in the court-room at Concord.

Mr. Hilton: "I will prove by her own letters to me that she never was my wife. Will your Honor observe, she addresses me as Mr. Hilton."

Supreme Judge: "This court understands the laws. We need no prompting from you, Mr. Hilton. Remain quiet."

Mr. Hilton: "Will your Honor please read

these letters from Mr. Le Grand, and see what he thinks?"

Supreme Judge: "We have nothing to do with Mr. Le Grand or what his sister thinks or says. The question before this court is whether you married the grand-daughter of Judge Doty, or whether you entered into a contract with her. If you did, we shall be able to prove it without your assistance."

Judge Bridgewood: "Will your Honor observe Mrs. Hilton has broken the law. She accuses Hon. Donnallen Hilton of having more wives than Brigham Young, and has written the assertion upon a postal card."

Supreme Judge: "Madam Hilton was very angry when she wrote that postal."

Judge Bridgewood: "Mr. Hilton insists that she is not his wife. He states that she enticed him to live with her. He is very handsome, and has been the victim of unprincipled women."

They looked at Mr. Hilton's purple-bloched face; then simply roared; even the judge smiled.

Mr. Hilton had taken Helen's postals to Judge Bridgewood, with the request that he put her behind the bars for injuring his reputation. The judge replied he could do nothing, as it was the first offence. So Mr. Pew had been hired to make her repeat the offence, and Hagar Robb was a willing assistant.

The Supreme Judge ordered the clerk of the

court to shake up the letters, then take a hatful and read them aloud. When finished, he said:

"Judge Bridgewood, do you mean to say Mr. Hilton ever entered into a contract with Mrs. Hilton, or that he settled with her?"

Judge Bridgewood: "Judging from the tone of her letters, no."

"Then," said the Supreme Judge, "Mr. Hilton, what have you done with the letters of Madam Hilton before the marriage and for three years after? Had you preserved them, we could better have judged her character. These were written after she had been for years under your influence, and to please you. Had they not pleased you, she would never have penned the second. She never enticed you, nor did her friends. Had you received a letter with one word that could have been construed against her, you would have taken the same precious care of it that you have of these, even preserving the envelopes. She never dreamed of coming before the courts, nor that her letters to you were ever seen by other eyes than yours. Yet you, years before you married her, carefully planned for this day. Now, among all that bushel of letters, there is not one word that shows that she entered into a contract with you, or that you ever settled with her. Mrs. Helen Doty Hilton is just what she claims to be—she is your wife."

CONCLUSION.

Of Mr. Hilton's many wives, and those who were not such, none ever crossed Helen's path, except the woman in black, Mrs. Otis, and Selina Eastleigh.

The lovely Kate Silverton sleeps in Greenwood Cemetery. Helen had an interview with one of the witnesses to her marriage to Mr. Hilton.

Lucy Hilton lies in New Hampshire, on a beautiful hill. He showed his cold gratitude by setting up a stone to her grave he hoped would arouse the envy of his neighbors.

The pastor's wife at Parma died. It is said the widow has been transplanted from the Avenue in Rochester to the parsonage, and all are perfectly satisfied.

Hagar Robb. The wages of sin have been from hand to mouth. She received small pay for her treachery to her relative's grand-child.

The woman in black has become a devout church woman. Helen does not judge her, as she knows nothing of the pains she had to bear; but has been told her children compelled a separation from Mr. Hilton.

Selina Eastleigh, March Ketchum, who is her constant attendant, says: "Selina got the old man under her thumb; he dare not squirm.

She even times him when he asks permission to leave the house, and I have never known him to extend the time one minute. She has everything in her own hands, by the advice of her able lawyers, who told her that her safest plan was to secure all his money and property, and get it out of New York and New Hampshire ere Mr. Hilton "shuffles off this mortal coil." She just hates his nasty little New Hampshire home, and she won't stay there after his death. She means to have a lovely time then. "Perhaps; but there are breakers ahead."

Sidney Gray was wicked to the last day of his life. He became poor, went South, married a beautiful heiress. Now a handsome monument marks the spot where he "rests from his labor."

Helen. It is useless, after twenty-eight years of war, to claim she is without a scar, or has been compensated. But no matter how the waves overwhelmed her, God never forsook her.

Donnallen Hilton said he was traveling through Utah and saw Helen. She was the sweetest girl he ever met, and his whole soul went out to her. He knew she had been carefully raised, knowing no more of his evil life than a baby. She would probably marry some Mormon. He might as well have her. Why not? So he snared the bird, to find he had missed his reckoning; for purity and sin were incompatible; and the memory of it all had been to him "A Thorn in the Flesh."

incompatible



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